

MAY 1911

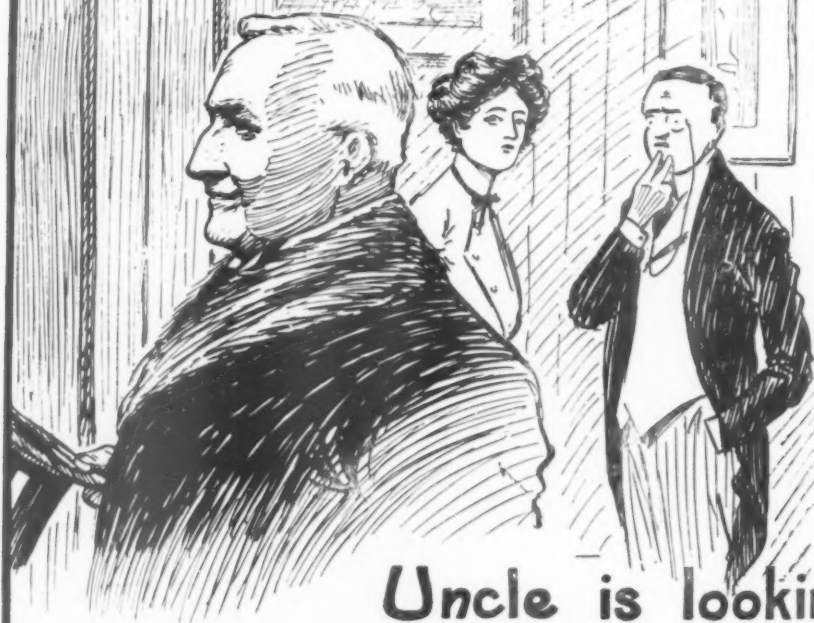
PRICE 6d

THE QUIVER



SPECIAL SUNDAY SCHOOL NUMBER

Great Expectations



Uncle is looking
younger every day since he
took **BEECHAM'S PILLS**



THE QUIVER

Mellin's

Between a *fat* baby and a *fit* baby there is often a world of difference; *fitness* should be the aim.

There is that sturdiness — virility — happy-go-lucky liveliness about the Mellin-fed child which betoken perfect health, and which augur brightly for its future.

*Sample and Valuable
Book free on receipt
of 2d. for postage.*

(Mention this Paper.)
Mellin's Food Ltd.
Peckham, S.E.

Food




Riley's Billiard Tables.

Made in sizes to fit any room, yet so scientifically designed and built that, no matter what the size, the game played on each table is the correct full-size table game. You can have a seven days' free trial at our expense. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables to fit on your own dining table from £37.6. The 8ft. 4in. size, £55.0, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Billiard and Dining Tables from £13.10.0 to £24.10.0. Prices include all accessories, carriage paid to nearest railway station. Cash or easy payments. FREE on receipt of post-card, full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining tables.

T1
E. J. RILEY Ltd., Birch Works, Accrington.

**ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE HAIR**

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes it. Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

To their  Majesties

Irish Linen

World-renowned for
Quality and Value

IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

Irish Damask Table Cloths, No. B 27, in Fern design, 2 x 2½ yards, each 6/3; 2 x 3 yards, each 7/6. Napkins, in same design, 24 inches square, 7/3 per dozen.

SHEETS Pure Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 14/4; 2 x 3½ yards, 16/8 per pair. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 17/6; 2½ x 3 yards, 22/6 per pair.

HANDKERCHIEFS No. 25. All Linen, Hemstitched Ladies' American size, about 13 inches square, with ½ inch hem, 3/3 per dozen. Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, 7/11 per dozen.

TOWELS No. W 05. Linen Huckaback Towels, 16 x 30 inches, 9/6 per dozen. W 07. Linen Diaper Towels, 16 x 30 inches, 14/6 per dozen.

SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 36, C, Donegall Place, **Belfast**

THE QUIVER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO



HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

ARE YOUR DOGS FED ON

SPRATT'S

Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits?

The Question of Quality of the Food for
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND"

does not always receive the attention it merits. Not infrequently an order is given for a "Bag of Dog Biscuits," with the result that in many instances biscuits made from the commonest materials are supplied because of the extra profit to the trader.



Make it a rule to specify SPRATT'S

which are made from wholesome materials only, and

**CONTAIN NO CHEMICALS,
NO ADDED SUGAR.**

SAMPLES OF FOOD SUITABLE FOR YOUR DOG
will be sent **FREE** if you will state breed.

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD. 24 & 25, Fenchurch St. London, E.C.

A DAINY FOOD FOR LADIES' PETS.

**"O SPRATT'S
MEAT "FIBRINE"
VALS"**

Free Sample of SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24 & 25, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Nothing to equal them in quality. You will be pleased with their appearance. Your dog will look for more. ABOUT 240 TO THE LB. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

The Pocket Biscuit

THE SCOTTISH

Funds
£20,250,000



ESTABLISHED
1815

WIDOWS' FUND

The Largest and Wealthiest Office for Mutual Life Assurance in the United Kingdom

Policies for Children—Educational Purposes—Business Requirements—
Marriage Settlements—Dependants—Old Age—Death Duties, &c.

All classes of LIFE ASSURANCE and ANNUITY BUSINESS are transacted on
the most favourable terms.

Copies of the Prospectus may be had on application.

HEAD OFFICE: EDINBURGH: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE
LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Scientific Certainties

The 'Allenburys' Foods are based on scientific certainties. They are exactly what a baby needs to develop into a healthy and robust child. The 'Allenburys' Foods are easily assimilated; digestive and kindred disorders are avoided by their use.

INFANTS FED ON THESE FOODS ARE
NEITHER FRETFUL NOR WAKEFUL.

'Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No.1. MILK FOOD No.2. MALTED FOOD No.3
From birth to 3 months. From 3 to 6 months. From 6 months upwards

**A PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING
AND MANAGEMENT FREE.**

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard St., London.

A MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE

HOW TO NURSE POOR-LOOKING HAIR BACK TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Three Splendid Toilet Accessories for Weak and Falling Hair that You May Try Free of Expense.

Your hair won't get better as, say, a cold does, of its own accord.

It needs immediate and skilful attention.

In other words, it requires "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In over a million homes now you will find men and women making "Harlene Hair-Drill" an important feature of the morning toilet; and thousands whose hair has been gradually growing thinner, or weaker, or more brittle, or losing colour, or suffering from any of the many disorders to which human hair is heir, are to-day returning thanks to the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the restoration of their hair to health and vigour and a beautiful appearance once more.

To-day Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal hair-specialist, to whose patience, experience, and ingenuity the world owes the discovery of this wonderful system of hair hygiene, is still patriotically distributing free trial packages of "Harlene" and the other accessories of "Hair-Drill" among the men and women of this country.

A Great Opportunity.

Now, in order that every reader of THE QUIVER may test "Harlene Hair-Drill" without expense, this famous hair-specialist—whose preparations for the scalp and hair are in the highest favour at all the leading Courts of Europe—is now making the following remarkable triple offer: to every applicant, who encloses three penny stamps to cover cost of postage, Mr. Edwards will at once despatch:

1. A large-sized trial bottle of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair," each bottle containing sufficient supply of this famous hair- tonic to enable the recipients to make a seven days' trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. Full instructions as to the correct and most resultful method of carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which you can banish greyness, baldness, scurf, and grow a luxuriant crop of new hair in a few weeks' time.

3. A package of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the Scalp, which is absolutely safe to use, contains no harmful ingredients, is most delightful and refreshing to use, cleanses the scalp from all scurf and dandruff, stimulates the hair-roots, and tones up the hair generally.

You can obtain the above trial package, as already stated, by applying through the post, and enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

The practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which every form of hair disorder or hair disease is quickly overcome, and new and better hair quickly grown, is

by no means a difficult or tedious operation, for it only need occupy two minutes a day, or fourteen minutes a week. The hair will become thicker, glossier, stronger every day, and you will see and feel the improvement almost from the first or second application. You will feel a new and refreshing sense of vitality in the tissues of the scalp and the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful; faded, grey hair will regain its natural colour; thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant. Bald patches and places where the hair has become scanty will soon be covered with a growth of healthy hair at once soft, silky, and strong. Scurf and dandruff will quickly disappear. In short, hair-health will take the place of hair-sickness, hair-plenty the place of hair-penury.

You can quickly and easily prove this for yourself free of charge by accepting this generous offer now made by the discoverers of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Miracle-Working Recipe.

Remember, then, as already stated at the outset of this announcement, that your hair, if it be weak, diseased, or falling out, will never cure itself, but require daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" to make it grow lusty, strong, and vigorous. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment of any part of the human structure, and, if neglected, it quickly succumbs to its many enemies, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, thin, and brittle, gives up the struggle, and dies. All you have to do is to fill in the accompanying coupon and send it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. The Edwards' Harlene Company, 95-96, High Holborn,

London, W.C., and the package will be posted to you absolutely free. Should further supplies of "Harlene" be required, they can be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; or will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of postal order. "Cremex" may be obtained in a similar manner, in boxes of six for 1s.



Read this article, and you will see and understand why you should never attempt to dress your hair by dipping your hairbrush in water—especially tap water—as it contains mineral and other matters and solutions which destroy the hair. Further, you can read here how you can obtain a package containing everything you will require to carry out a week's test of a method of taking care of the hair which today is used by almost a million persons.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

A Book of Instructions—A Bottle of "Harlene"—A Package of "Cremex"—ALL FREE.

MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I will try one week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" and accept your offer of free instructions and materials. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of the gift package to any part of the world.

Name

Address

QUIVER, May, 1911.

A PROMISE OF HEALTH.

TO ALL WHO ARE ILL OR OUT OF CONDITION.

Health for Londoners and Their Neighbours.

I promise to see personally all ill or ailing men and women who call upon me at my Institute, to grant each a full consultation on their health without charge, and to give a free and frank opinion as to the suitability of each individual case for treatment and cure by my method of curing illness Without Medicine.

I know that there are thousands of men and women who need only just the advice which I am fortunately able to give them in order to secure perfect vigorous health and all the lost joys of robust life in place of being run down, nervy, or dyspeptic subjects, or troubled with one or more of the so-called minor ailments which make life a worry.

I have proved not in a few but in thousands of instances that if sufferers will only call upon me I am able in 99 cases out of 100 to guide them to a cure and a state of health which is as champagne compared with ditch-water when contrasted with their former con-



The latest photograph of MR. EUGEN SANDOW.

Health for Country and Overseas Readers.

I promise to send to all inquirers who cannot call, but who write to me personally at 32, St. James' St., London, S.W., a gratis and post free copy of any one of my twenty-four books on health mentioned below. In each instance the book will be accompanied by a letter of advice and an opinion upon the inquirer's own particular case.

For the convenience of readers of THE QUIVER who are unable to call and see me I have prepared a series of 24 illustrated booklets, each dealing with one particular complaint or condition, and I invite every reader who suffers from any of these illnesses, which are curable by the Sandow Treatment, to write for a copy of the book which especially deals with that illness, utilising the application form below. A personal opinion upon the

inquirer's case will also be forwarded to everyone who writes a letter giving full particulars of the trouble. The titles of the books to write for are:—



Mr. Sandow is always pleased to see inquirers personally, and to give a consultation without cost.



Those unable to call can secure by post Mr. Sandow's valuable advice on their health for home study.

dition. Do not simply read my announcement, be interested, and pass on, but come and see me at my Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W. However busy I am I promise to see you personally.

I devote the hours between 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. daily, except Saturday, to personal confidential consultations with inquirers, for which I make no charge whatever.

Nor is any obligation imposed to take the treatment I recommend, but I know that all who learn what I am daily doing for others cannot help seeking a like benefit for themselves. Cost of following my advice is within the reach of every pocket, and the treatment can be carried out here or at the patient's own home.

The address to call or write is Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, Vol. No. in Sandow's Health Library.

NAME.....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.)

ADDRESS.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....
NATURE OF ILLNESS or
Condition from which relief is required.....

If you can call, please state day and time most convenient.
If you cannot call, please give further detailed particulars in a letter, so that Mr. Sandow's opinion upon your case may be sent you by post.
To Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.
THE QUIVER, May, 1911.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia (Vol. 1), Constipation (Vol. 2), Liver Troubles (Vol. 3), Nervous Disorders in Men (Vol. 4), Nervous Disorders in Women (Vol. 5), Obesity in Men (Vol. 6), Obesity in Women (Vol. 7), Heart Affections (Vol. 8), Lung and Chest Complaints (Vol. 9), Rheumatism and Gout (Vol. 10), Anæmia (Vol. 11), Kidney Disorders (Vol. 12), Lack of Vigour (Vol. 13), Physical Deformities in Men (Vol. 14), Physical Deformities in Women (Vol. 15), Functional Defects in Speech (Vol. 16), Circulatory Disorders (Vol. 17), Skin Disorders (Vol. 18), Physical Development for Men (Vol. 19), Everyday Health (Vol. 20), Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments (Vol. 21), Figure Culture for Women (Vol. 22), Insomnia (Vol. 23), and Neurasthenia (Vol. 24).

Tatcho's Astonishing Proposition.

To Every Reader of "The Quiver" a Wondrous Brush.

"May I congratulate you on the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush? It is once more beautifully clean. A better brush, and one doing its work with any greater degree of efficiency, I never used" (A COLONEL).

It has been asserted by more than one grateful recipient of the "King Edward Model" Tatcho Hair-Health Brush that if they had to pay a guinea for this new style hairbrush they would willingly pay it, rather than return to the old pattern—the harbourer of masses of germ-laden impurities brushed from the weakened scalp.

But it isn't necessary for anyone to pay a guinea for this excellent brush—it is sent free to all patrons of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho, the genuine, good, true hair-grower, as an ally of Tatcho.

At first thought the reader may well wonder how a high-class hairbrush, made of pure bristles, can be supplied free to users of the hair-grower.

The answer, however, is really simple: ADVERTISING.

Let the reader come behind the scenes in Fleet Street for a moment.

When Tatcho was first given to the world by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, with the assistance of some of the best-known Fleet Street magnates, its public announcements frequently occupied whole pages in the daily press.

A whole page in a popular morning daily costs £350.

£350 for an advertisement to be seen for ONE DAY ONLY!

Ascore of such advertisements would cost £7,000.

The reader may well be dumbfounded.

£7,000 for twenty days' announcements.

But those who preside over the destinies of the hair-grower have decided upon a plan whereby the grateful recipients of the hair-grower are to reap the benefit of money that would otherwise be spent in advertising, while the Syndicate will get the benefit, not of twenty days' advertising, but of advertising extending over years.

The Company is spending a sum of £6,500 in supplying users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' hair-grower with the "Tatcho Hair-Health Brush" (a duplicate of a model of a set supplied for the use of his late Majesty King Edward VII.).

Every day on your dressing-table—twice or thrice a day—you avail yourself of its soothing, health-tingling action. During all this time it is a constant reminder of the good of Tatcho, the true hair-grower, a silent rebuke if your hair needs Tatcho, and you can always tell when Tatcho is needed.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush sweeps the scalp and the strands of hair free of all destructive impurities,

by a few gentle strokes of the brush. The hair is then ready for the administration of Tatcho.

After this the hair is once more brushed with the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, and a health flush, a glorious sense of tingling vitality, suffuses the whole scalp, and Tatcho, unhampered by moribund or other destructive germs and injurious flotsam, does its great work of preserving, beautifying, and cultivating the hair.

How to get this valuable BRUSH FREE.

What you have to do to secure one of these valuable brushes:

Firstly, qualify as a patron of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho.

To do this, post the coupon appearing below, to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, together with 3s. 1d. This is 2s. 9d. for your 2s. 9d. bottle of Tatcho, and 4d. for postage, if it is to be sent to your address by post; 2s. 9d. only is necessary if the packet is called for.

The brush is sent you ABSOLUTELY FREE.

If you prefer to test the unique merits of Tatcho before purchasing a 2s. 9d. bottle, ask your chemist to supply you with a 1s. bottle only. This will provide you with convincing testimony of the value of Tatcho. Preserve the carton entire in which the 1s. bottle is contained,

and when you have four of these cartons mail them to the Tatcho Laboratories. By return you will receive one of these Hair-Health Brushes, post free.

This is a genuine and honest offer. It could not be otherwise and be in consonance with the true, honest, genuine, and trusty hair-grower—Tatcho—of which it is an ally and an advertisement.



FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

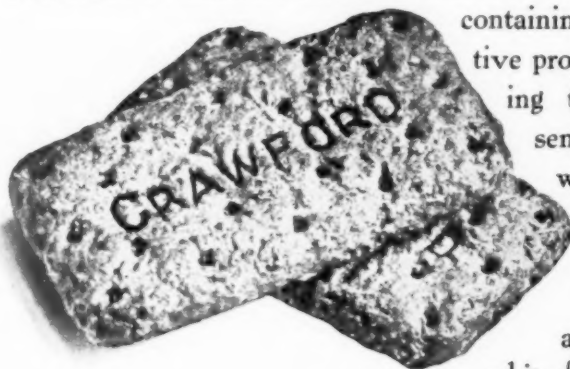
THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGES, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the May issue of THE QUIVER.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

CRAWFORD'S "STANDARD"

(Wholemeal)
BISCUITS

CRAWFORD'S "Standard" Biscuits have been specially introduced to meet the demand which has arisen for biscuits



containing all the nutritive properties, including the germ and semolina, of the whole wheat.

These biscuits are made without the addition of any white flour whatever.

May be obtained from all Grocers and Bakers

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Limited,
EDINBURGH - LIVERPOOL - LONDON



Dr. E. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.
 —"The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker
 —"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."


Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
 A Professional Man writes:—**YOU ASTONISH & HELP**

KITCHEN PESTS. Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the **UNION COCKROACH PASTE.** Guaranteed by E. Howarth, Esq., F.Z.S.

Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. These insects had invaded the bedrooms, mingled with the food, and the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvelous result. 13, 23, 46, Post Free, with interesting particulars.

J. P. HEWITT, 68, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.



Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the
Ragged School Union
 AND
Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,
Director,

**32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,
 LONDON, W.C.**

When you're so happy you jump for joy—



'Wood-Milnes' will relieve you of much unnecessary shock. 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels fitted *where* they ought to be (right at the back of the boot heel), fitted *as* they ought to be (sunk in, almost flush with the leather), will make your daily walks abroad a pleasanter and a healthier and a less fatiguing thing. You will never know how true this is until you *try* 'Wood-Milnes'!

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

If you want to be sure of getting 'Wood-Milnes'—you'll want to be *very* sure if you've once had the common kinds—see the name 'Wood-Milne' is stamped on the heel itself.
More resilient, more durable, more economical than other rubber heels.

THE QUIVER

THE PEN THAT NEVER NEEDS "COAXING"!

THE SWAN

Every "SWAN" contains to perfection the two essentials necessary to a perfect pen—gold nib and feed.

Mabie, Todd & Co.'s gold pens were famous before fountain pens were made, and they are still recognised as being the foremost for durability and finish. They will easily last a lifetime, accidents barred. Styles to suit every hand.

The DOUBLE FEED ensures perfect flow, no shaking to start, no leaking. Just put pen to paper and write. With gold pen and ink flow perfect, holder symmetrical, beautifully balanced and finished, the "SWAN" has no equal.

Prices from 10/6.

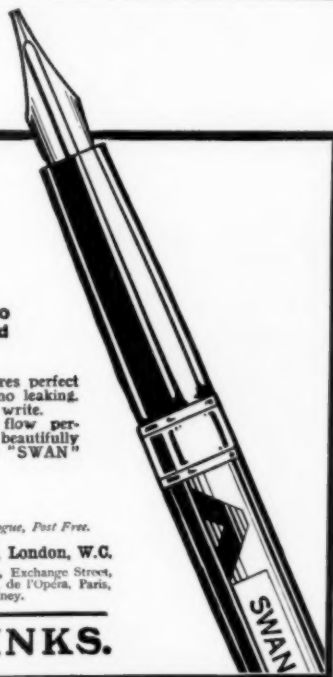
Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers. Write for Catalogue, Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Branches: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 99a, Regent Street, W.; 5, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris, and at New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.



USE "SWAN" INKS.



LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

HELEN R. B. TEMPLE, 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



A WORD TO THE WIDE-AWAKE!

All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

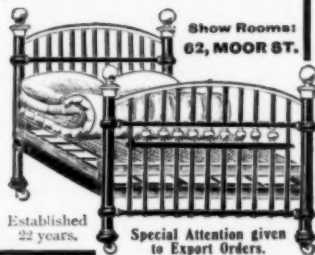
Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBOARDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



Show Rooms:
62, MOOR ST.

Established
22 years.

Special Attention given
to Export Orders.

HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

Contains the Semolina and more Germ than any other bread.

5 MINUTES' SHAMPOO

WITHOUT WETTING.

Icilma Hair Powder, the new Dry Shampoo, is a pure, harmless preparation which cleanses the hair from grease, dust or grime without wetting, without trouble and without danger. Simply apply lightly on the hair with spray or powder puff and brush out in five minutes' time. This brightens the hair, making it clean, soft and fresh.

ICILMA HAIR POWDER

2d. per packet. 1/6 per large box.

Full-size trial ad. packet—FREE.

ICILMA COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 72), 143, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

Her best friend—
There's no friend like an old friend



**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE**
IS A VERITABLE BOON
IN CASES OF
**HEADACHE, CATARRH,
Cold in the Head,
DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.**

TRY ONE. Of all Chemists. Price 1s., or post free, 14 stamps, in the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.

A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6
Patronised by H.M. the Empress of Russia.



This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7s. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),
31 & 33, Brookes Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

From **TURKEY.**
Guarantee of Genuineness.



Places the smoker in the unique position of being absolutely certain that he has a cigarette hand-made in Turkey of pure Turkish Tobacco, blended by the greatest experts in the world. Do not fail to bear in mind that no other cigarettes than those bearing the name "Régie Ottoman" and the Imperial Arms are really made in Turkey or necessarily of Turkish Tobacco. The exceptional richness and fragrance of the Régie hand-made cigarette is the perpetual joy of the connoisseur.

Prices from
2/9 to 13/- per 100.
West End Dep't:
83, PICCADILLY, W.

**TURKISH RÉGIE
CIGARETTES**

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the actual manufacturers, Messrs. E. & A. Browning, instead of to provincial buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return, or offer made. Chief Offices: 63, Oxford Street, London. Est. 100 years.

KEMO

Razor Sharpener

For all kinds of Razor Blades. The effect of this dissolved metal upon a Razor is extraordinary. No other sharpener gives to your Razor the perfected edge which results from a KEMO Strip.

KEMO Strips are made in two qualities in both Graduating Cashmere and Hanging Strap styles. Price 2/9 and 4/6.

KEMO Strip for Safety Razor Blades, 2/- post free.

KEMO Sharpener for self-treatment of Strips is easily applied, and will convert a useless Strip into a perfect edge-producer. Price 6d., from all Cutlers, Store, &c., or post free.

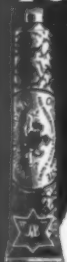
Makes a keen edge



KEMOLINE RAZOR SHARPENER CO.
17, BILLITER ST LONDON E.C.

Jewsbury & Brown's

Oriental Tooth Paste



The cleaning of the teeth is important; the preserving of them is far more so. Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste not only cleanses and beautifies the teeth and prevents their decay, it thoroughly purifies every part of the mouth. It is efficient and economical.

Tubes, 1/- Pots, 1/6 and 2/6.

JEWSBURY & BROWN,
ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER.

BENGER'S

Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable; it contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and, in its preparation, the degree of pre-digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy. It can therefore be served to suit the exact physical condition of the patient.

Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk. It forms a delicious and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS preferred. MARKING INK

FREE AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1s. SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.

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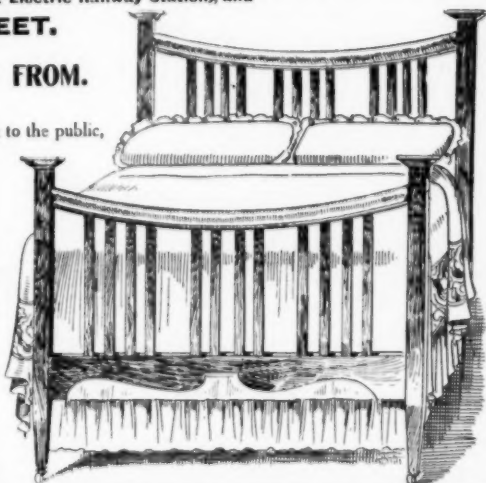
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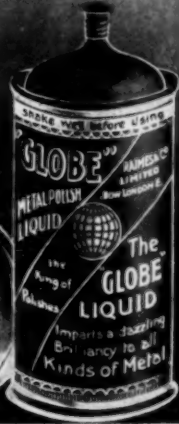
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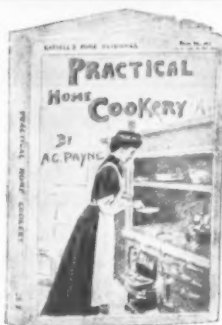
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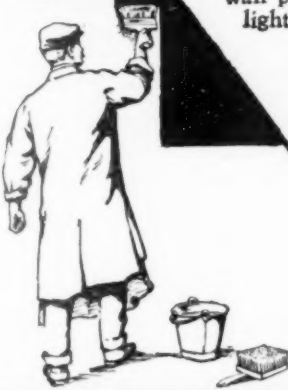
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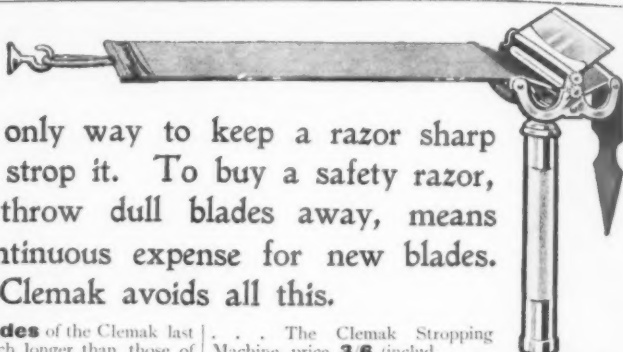
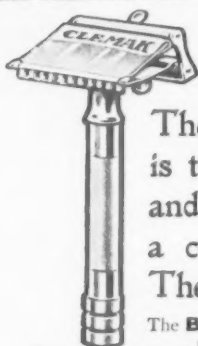
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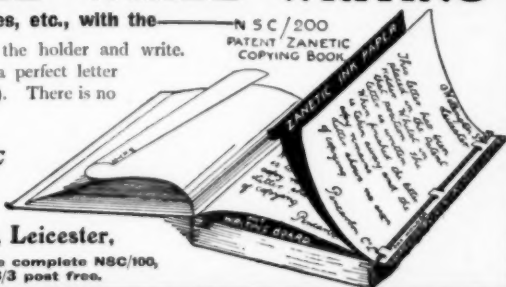
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THE QUIVER

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"And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. . .
Separate thyself from me : if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right."
Genesis xiii. 8, 9.

(Painted by A. C. Michael.)



VOL. XLVI, No. 7
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

MAY, 1911

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

Our Sunday Schools

I OFFER no word of apology for making this present issue of THE QUIVER a special Sunday School Number. Quite apart from the large number of Sunday School workers among my readers, the Sunday School question is a vital one to all concerned with the moral and Christian progress of the people. For a long time the Sunday School has been regarded as a mere appendage to the Church; but now we are beginning to realise that with the work among the young is bound up the very life of the Church in the next generation.

The present issue, therefore, opens with an inquiry into the reasons why vast numbers of children who have been through the Sunday School have not entered the Church. This collection of opinions and recommendations of leading men of various denominations and schools of thought is likely to create a profound impression. The articles which follow—on "The Sunday School of the Future," "The Problem of the Elder Scholar," "The Child as Teacher," "The Art of Story Telling," &c.—are intended not merely to interest, but to deepen and quicken the sympathy of all my readers with this important department of Christian service.

May I ask those who are interested in Sunday School Work to bring this issue to the notice of their friends?

THE EDITOR.

Has the Sunday School Failed?

An Inquiry into the Reasons why Scholars do not
Become Church Members

By the BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN, the DEAN OF CARLISLE,
ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, Dr. ADENEY, Dr. GARVIE, Rev.
T. E. RUTH, Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER, Rev. RICHARD
ROBERTS, LORD KINNAIRD, Mr. GEORGE CADBURY, and others

HAS the Sunday School failed? Surely that is an alarmist question which will at once be answered by all Christian people with an emphatic "No!" Yet a consideration of certain facts brings an uncomfortable feeling under which it is by no means certain that we can deny the impeachment. What is the object of the Sunday School? Surely its almost sole object is to bring our boys and girls to a knowledge of the saving love of Jesus Christ, with the consequent effect of getting them to ally themselves with the Church. Has the Sunday School, or has it not, failed of this object? The Rev. Carey Bonner, the energetic and progressive Secretary of the Sunday School Union, has made careful and exhaustive inquiries, and this is what he finds: *No less than four-fifths of the available children of this country pass through the Sunday School, and yet there is the corresponding fact that four-fifths of the population of this country are entirely outside the pale of the Church.*

Surely this spells failure somewhere—a failure of a most serious character; for if, as Mr. Bonner asserts, the Sunday School has had the unique opportunity of influencing such a large proportion of the population, whose fault is it that there is such a small proportion of tangible results?

In order to ascertain the opinion of those most likely to be able to judge of the matter, a special inquiry has been instituted by THE QUIVER among responsible and representative leaders in the various branches of the Church. Clergymen, ministers, and leading laymen have been asked the following three questions:—

(1) Has the Sunday School failed, or partially failed, of its chief work—to

bring the children to Christ and into the body of the Church?

(2) Who is responsible for the fact that the large majority of Sunday School scholars do not pass into the Church? Is it the Sunday School or the Church?

(3) What practical means do you suggest for improving the present condition of affairs?

It must at once be stated that, with only a few exceptions, the replies to No. 1 were "Yes!" Qualifying explanations were given; but, more or less emphatic, the reply has been "Yes!"

As to the responsibility for this state of things, and what practical measures are necessary for its alteration, various correspondents have their differing views. Many of the leaders consulted express their deep concern about the subject, and heartily thank THE QUIVER for taking up the matter.

Rev. Richard Roberts

We will take first of all the reply of the Rev. Richard Roberts, the author of "The Church and the Next Generation," and one of the most thoughtful preachers in the metropolis. He writes:—

"(1) The answer to your first question is obviously YES! Statistics are admittedly unsatisfactory guides, especially in religious affairs, and it is possible to lay undue stress upon them. But it is hardly to be gainsaid that 80 per cent. of Sunday School pupils 'leak.' That is Principal Ritchie's computation for the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and I have arrived quite independently at the same figures for Presbyterian Sunday Schools.

"(2) Whose fault is it? It is the fault of everybody concerned—the fault of



ministers, and office-bearers, and congregations, and superintendents, and teachers. How the blame is to be distributed is another question. The root trouble is sheer thoughtlessness, but I think that that is passing away.

"(3) The remedies? Well, the only real remedy is a revival of spirituality and a recovery in the school of the sense of its evangelistic mission. The Sunday School wants revival more than it wants reform. But it needs reform very badly, too. A few things are urgent:—

1. The recognition by the Churches of the distinctive and honourable and necessary place and office of the Sunday School as 'the teaching arm of the Church.'

2. The grading of the School, so that there shall be separate treatment for the infants and the adolescents.

3. A recognition of the critical importance of the adolescent period.

4. The proper equipment of Sunday School teachers, first by training older scholars as future teachers, and secondly by training the present teachers in more adequate Bible knowledge, child study, and teaching science.

5. The due recognition, in the provision of teaching material, of the changing psychological characteristics of the growing child—i.e. a sane scheme of graded lessons.

6. The enlargement of the Sunday School outlook by a wide missionary (home and foreign) interest.

7. The provision and organisation of definite Christian work in and through the Church for the younger men and women, either by the resuscitation of Christian Endeavour or by some new and broader scheme.

8. A closer intimacy between the School and the home.

"But when all is said and done, what accomplishes the work of the Sunday School is the two-fold gift of personality and spirituality. Without these, the reformed Sunday School is dead."

Rev. T. E. Ruth

Just as strong is the reply of the Rev. T. E. Ruth, of Liverpool. Like Mr. Roberts, Mr. Ruth has made a special study of the question, and his statements are not the mere opinion of a casual observer:—

"(1) The only possible answer to the first question is: Undoubtedly the Rev. Carey Bonner's figures prove that the Sunday School has partly failed.

"(2) There is more room for diversity of opinion in apportioning the blame; but, after all, the diagnosis is not very important when the remedy is so obvious.

"(3) The severance of the Church and School is schism of the worst possible kind. The School is a part of the Church. It is the chief department of the Church's ministry. It is the Church at work in educational evangelism. The minister, deacons, superintendents, and teachers are bound to work together, apply educational methods, and make Church membership the natural consummation of Sunday School teaching."

Archdeacon Sinclair

Our first two replies were from comparatively young men—young as men are counted in the Christian ministry. But the same answer comes from a veteran who is just unbuckling his armour and retiring after a well-fought campaign—the Archdeacon of London. "All must agree," he says, "that the chief work of



(Photo: F. W. Tassell.)
VERY REV. DEAN OF CAR-
LISLE

(Photo: Lafayette, Ltd.)
LORD KINNAIRD.

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)
BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

the Sunday School is to bring the children to Christ, and into the body of the Church. It is equally clear that the Sunday School has partly failed in this endeavour." His reply to No. 2 is well worthy of note: "The reasons why the large majority of Sunday scholars do not pass into the Church are several:

1. The lack of well-trained teachers.
2. The early age of leaving the School.
3. The absence in too many cases of a bridge between leaving school and arriving at full growth. This is now in some degree made up by the Boys' and Church Lads' Brigades, the Scout movement, the Girls' Friendly Society, and numerous classes and guilds; but it still exists in too great a degree.
4. The want of home influence to back up and continue the work of the Sunday School.
5. The very independent spirit of London children—both boys and girls.
6. The impossibility of pastoral influence through the vast numbers of most London parishes.
7. The general restlessness of the age."

In conclusion, Archdeacon Sinclair calls attention to the new movement of the Bishop of London, who, at the instance of his suffragan, the Bishop of Kensington, has established a Diocesan Council for the improvement of Sunday School work. An inspector, with a staff of assistants, is to be appointed, and great hopes are entertained for the improvement of the work in the vast and important diocese of London.

The Dean of Carlisle

As a change from the emphatic views of the preceding writers, let us take the opinion of the Very Rev. W. Barker, Dean of Carlisle. He does not think that the Sunday School has failed, but he insists on the need for definite Church teaching and catechising:—

"(1) I do not think that it has failed. More children might certainly have been brought to Church, and into the body of the Church.

"(2) I think it is largely because there is not sufficient Church teaching—definite, historical, and spiritual.

"(3) I would suggest that Sunday Schools in a diocese should be placed under the direction and supervision of a paid efficient Sunday School secretary, who should be responsible for suggesting, organisation, and subject of teaching, and should also, when possible, examine the schools and make reports to Diocesan.

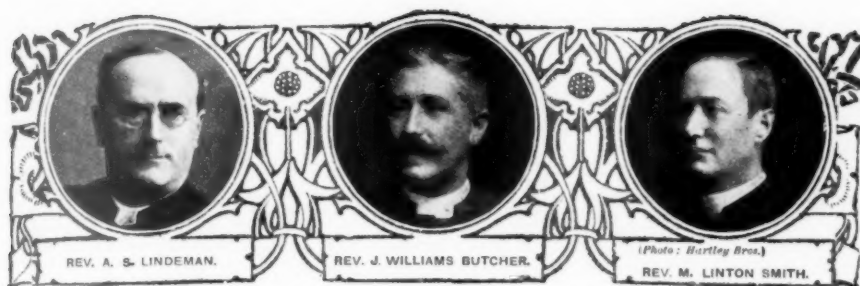
"(4) I would suggest that means be taken, of a definite character, to secure better teaching in our Sunday Schools.

"I would suggest that the children of the Sunday School should once a month be taken to Church and then be catechised upon the previous month's lessons by a competent and experienced person."

Lord Kinnaird

Lord Kinnaird, too, does not think that the Sunday School has failed, "considering the comparatively little support given in the way of personal service, school buildings, plant and efficient machinery." As to No. 2, "I consider," says his Lordship, "the main responsibility for any failure is the failure of the Churches doing their work. First by loss of spiritual power, secondly by an increase of ritualism and formalism in churches and chapels, thirdly by an increase of amusement and frivolity amongst all classes, fourthly by the spirit of lawlessness and independence which is spreading amongst young people and children.

"(3) I consider the remedy can only



come through waiting upon God to send us a revival of true religion and godliness through the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and by a more keen and earnest support of Sunday Schools by all ministers and Church members, which I believe will give a better supply of teachers spiritually fitted and intellectually equipped for their work."

The Bishop of Sodor and Man

The Bishop of Sodor and Man does not attempt the delicate task of drawing conclusions from Mr. Bonner's facts, but in concise and practical fashion he gives two suggestions as to the improvement of the situation. Here is his Lordship's reply:—

"There are many ways in which our Sunday Schools may be made more efficient in winning our children to the Church of Christ. I will only name two:—

1. More careful and systematic preparation of the teachers themselves, in knowledge, methods of instruction, and power to exercise discipline.

2. Fuller recognition by the Church of the work of the Sunday Schools, and more definite and regular prayer for God's blessing upon them."

Rev. M. Linton Smith

The Rev. M. Linton Smith, the able Hon. Clerical Secretary of the Liverpool Diocesan Sunday School Institute, says that "the Sunday School has undoubtedly failed to a very large extent in bringing the children into the body of the Church, a task which it only accomplishes in a comparatively small number of cases. But the value of the work done is not to be measured by these results alone; there is a leaven of religious knowledge in those classes of society from which the scholars

are drawn, and a recognition of the value of religion even among those who disregard ordinary religious observance, which is by no means to be despised.

"(2) Neither the Sunday School nor the Church is primarily responsible for the defection of the elder scholars. If it is possible to find lads of eighteen to whom, after nine or ten years spent in an elementary school, reading is a burden and a difficulty, and who can barely sign their own names, what results can be expected from the influence of one or two hours a week given to religious training on those who at home have little or no religious influence brought to bear upon them, and at their work are exposed too often to definitely anti-religious influence? The wonder is not that there are so few, but that so many are brought into the body of the Church by the Sunday School.

"(3) 'Trust God and keep your powder dry!' Make every effort to improve the efficiency of the teacher by training in method, and instruction in Biblical and doctrinal knowledge."

Rev. A. S. Lindeman

A valuable paper on the situation comes from the Rev. A. S. Lindeman, Hon. Secretary of the Norwich Diocesan Sunday School Association. Unfortunately, it is too long to quote in full. Mr. Lindeman ascribes the partial failure to the neglect in not drafting the children off into Bible Classes where the instruction and the general methods pursued are of such a character as to appeal to them at that particular stage of their development. After paying a well-merited tribute to the spiritual influence of the School, he says:—

"The present condition of our Sunday Schools demands that the teaching which



(Photo: Haines.)

MR. FREDERIC TAYLOR.

(Photo: A. J. Anderson and Co.)

REV. W. CHARTER PIGGOTT.

(Photo: Haines.)

REV. FRANK SWAINSON.

is given shall be much more in accord with the truer principles of education which are in vogue in our day-schools. The study of child nature and child psychology has made such progress in recent years that there is a measure of truth in the saying that in these days we have 'discovered the child.' Some of the methods in the Sunday School are becoming rapidly obsolete in the most up-to-date schools. The children in the day-school are taught with a due regard to their capacity; they are graded; their interest is aroused and maintained by teachers qualified by a knowledge of child nature; they are appealed to by the blackboard and by object-lessons; the length of the lessons is according to their power of attention and so forth; but in the Sunday School the teachers know nothing about such things. The children themselves are conscious of this state of things, and while, as a matter of fact, children deeply love their Sunday School, at the present time there is a restlessness among them due to the above causes, which teachers are fully aware of, and of which many of them are learning the cause."

Rev. J. Williams Butcher

Few denominations are as well organised, in Sunday Schools as in other matters, as the Wesleyan Methodists. The Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department is the Rev. J. Williams Butcher, who has kindly sent the following replies to the questions:—

"(1) It would be too much to say that the Sunday School has failed, but it would not be an over-statement to say that its success has been too limited.

"(2) So much of the work has been casual and haphazard, left to anybody

without plan or vision; and the Churches as such have never yet felt it necessary to take seriously the task of training teachers, or inquiring in any way into their fitness; short of a grave moral scandal, anybody is considered good enough for a Sunday School teacher.

"(3) My proposed remedy is that the Church should give as much attention to the Sunday School teacher as it does to other phases of work. For instance, in my Church—the Wesleyan Methodist—we are very careful as to who is allowed to be a local preacher, and the Church takes cognisance of such; but in no way has it hitherto attempted either to test qualifications or furnish equipment for the Sunday School teacher."

Rev. W. Charter Piggott

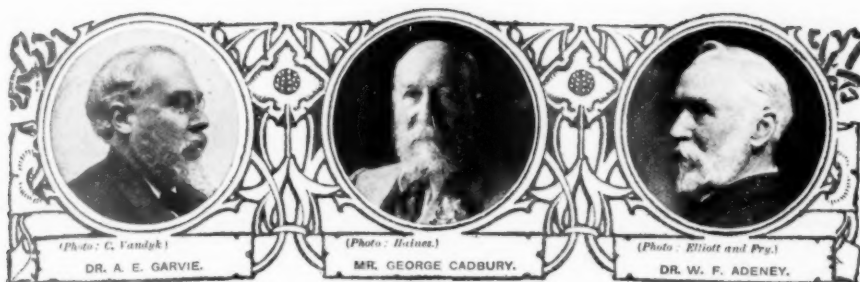
The Rev. W. Charter Piggott, of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, says that to the first question "the frank answer has to be given that the Sunday School is still partially, perhaps largely, failing in its work of introducing the children into the Church," but he thinks that parents are to a great extent to blame.

Apart from that, "our duties," he says, "are, in the work of the School:—

1. To improve our methods of work in the light of modern knowledge, and to give more attention to the efficient training of the teacher.

2. To attempt by week-day work of a social character to get other points of contact with the child beside that of the Sunday services.

3. To cultivate the interest of the parents in the work of the school, to induce them to visit it during its sessions, and by visitation of the children when they are absent to



get a welcome for the teacher in the home.

"From the side of the Church we have:—

1. To generally quicken the sense of unity between the Church and the School by giving School questions a regular place in the deliberations of the Church meeting, by making the superintendent of the School an officer whose appointment has to be ratified by the Church, and, where possible, putting him as such upon the diaconate or other representative body.

2. To link the Church and the School more closely together in the management of the senior department of the School, in institutional work, young people's services, etc., so as to break down the idea of two different corporations, and to familiarise the older scholars with other members of the Church than those they are in touch with in the School."

Mr. Frederic Taylor

The Society of Friends has been of special help in the forward movement in the Sunday School. Mr. Frederic Taylor is an able representative of the body, and his opinion coincides with that of the majority. "The figures you quote," he writes, "show how serious has been the failure of the Sunday School.

"The Church must realise that through the Sunday School it is to keep the children of its members, bringing them in due time into membership, and into work in the Church for the Kingdom. It can give expression to its 'concern' for the children by—

1. Giving its hearty support to the workers in the Sunday School.

2. Claiming its best members for the work of the Sunday School—"anybody" is not good enough.

3. Giving the Sunday School premises suited to its needs—not what is left after the adults have secured all that they want.

4. Taking care that the Sunday School and its workers have all possible "aids" for their difficult work—c.g. maps, blackboards, models, teachers' libraries.

5. Teacher training must be made possible. "Goodness" in a teacher is essential, but it is not enough. Capable men and women must be secured to train the teachers, and must, if needful, be trained themselves for this work.

"The Sunday School must be reformed in the following directions:—

1. There must be grading of scholars, teachers, and lesson-material.

2. There must be reverence and an "atmosphere" of worship during the School session.

3. Older scholars must be set to work for others. Not only Church members are needed, but *effective* members. The Sunday School is the natural training ground to this end."

Rev. Frank Swainson

The Rev. Frank Swainson agrees with the Rev. Charter Piggott that the parents are blameworthy.

"(1) Yes; the Sunday School has largely failed in its chief work.

"(2) The Sunday School, the Church, and the parents are largely to blame, the latter being most blameworthy.

"(3) Special classes and services for the parents. A system of grading in the Sunday Schools so that the present leakage may be stopped. Parents, clergy, teachers, and others want to realise the fact that a great mistake is often made in looking upon the scholars as 'kiddies still,' and by so doing driving them from the Sunday School and Church just at the critical age."

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Mr. George Cadbury

From the world of business, Mr. George Cadbury speaks simply of the things he personally knows:—

"I have been for fifty-two years a teacher in a Sunday School. For the first ten years I was a teacher of a class of youths. Many who were in my class forty years ago are now doing well, holding responsible positions and doing good work for the Churches. My ideal always was to give every boy something to do for others, serving on committees for various purposes, etc., thus teaching unselfishness and the joy of doing work for others. This idea is largely being carried out by Mr. Archibald by employing large numbers of boys and girls of fourteen and upwards to teach the little children.

"Many of our Churches have in the past been apathetic with regard to work in Sunday Schools, forgetting that the children of to-day should be the upholders of national righteousness in the future."

Principal Garvie

We have heard the opinions of clergy and ministers in active service—not only of the Church of England, but Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, and Quaker. Secretaries of societies and laymen have given their views. It is only right that the men who have such a large share in shaping the lives of young ministers should be represented.

Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., Principal of New College, London, takes a deep interest in the question, and his replies are well worthy of note:—

"(1) I think the Sunday School has often failed by teachers—

1. Trying to force on children adult experiences, instead of recognising that children can be Christian in accordance with the laws of their personal development.

2. Preaching to the children about the Bible Lesson instead of presenting Christ adequately as the object of their childlike faith.

3. Failing to insist on their confession of Christ as Saviour and Lord in membership in His Church.

"(2) Not only is the Sunday School responsible for this failure, but the Church also, by—

1. Not offering a sufficiently warm general welcome to young disciples.

2. Requiring an experience in its members children cannot lay claim to.

3. Not being to its members generally the spiritual home with loving oversight and care it should be.

"(3) My answer to the third question is implicit in the two preceding answers,

1. Let the Sunday School adapt itself more fully to the child mind.

2. Let teachers present in themselves and their teaching the personal Saviour more distinctly and personally.

3. Let the connection of Christ and Sunday School through the minister be closer and more cordial.

4. Let the Church itself become less formal and more actually Christian.

5. Let pastoral care through the minister, or other members of the Church, become more of a generous and gracious reality for the young."

Principal Adeney

Perhaps the whole matter is summed up as succinctly and practically as it would be possible to do in the reply sent by the Rev. W. F. Adeney, Principal of Lancaster College, Manchester:—

"(1) I think that the Sunday School has largely failed in not bringing more than 10 per cent. of its scholars into the Church. Nevertheless (1) even with that failure it does more than any other agency to keep up the Church, and (2) it diffuses Christian influences through all the community like leaven.

"(2) I think the main responsibility lies with the Church. The teachers do their best—many of them. But most of the teaching is deplorably inadequate, and the appliances and methods educationally antiquated.

"(3) There is urgent need for Sunday School reform. It has begun. But it should be pushed on in the following directions:—

1. Grading of schools.

2. Training of teachers.

3. Better series of lessons than the International in their old style. But they are already being improved for the intermediate departments. It is most desirable that the new Primary lessons should be adopted. Also that the Senior Section, or Institute, cut off from the lower school, should have its own separate series of lessons.

"All this will only be done when Churches and ministers rise to their duty, perceiving that the training of the young for Christ is not a secondary adjunct of Church work, but the *Church's main work*. Failing here, they fail on the whole; succeeding here, they will have their truest success."

This is not a mere imaginative story of what things ought to be like, but, in the words of the author, "deals with my own old school and a teacher whose character was all that I have tried to picture and a great deal more."

The Joy of Harvest

A Sunday School Story

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

FROM the day whereon he was tempted from the retirement he loved so well to that other day when "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was brokenly sung, no one ever claimed for John Russell the quality of the heroic figure, but on all occasions when his boys forgather from the ends of the earth, his name is one of the first they mention, and sometimes there is the ring of laughter in their talk and sometimes a broken note. About his quaint manners, his sage counsel, and the tenderly thoughtful things he did for them when he fancied that no other eye was looking on, they find much to say—which is only one more proof that the life of a good man is imperishable, and that deeds make a nobler monument than tablets of marble or of brass.

If you aspired to be one of John Russell's boys, you had to live at Guildchester, that town in northern Lancashire, whose name is writ large in the page of England's ancient story, and whose modern architecture makes a picturesque bond between high art and the manufacture of cotton; and also you had to worship in the church tucked away behind the House of Correction, and have your name on the register of the Sunday School whose upper windows are just about level with the grim prison walls on the opposite side of the street. After that, unless you were already grown up when you came to Guildchester, you waited the march of the years, and then, at the end of the waiting, the school conferred on you one of its highest distinctions—it made you one of John Russell's "boys." This, by the way, was Russell's own designation, and he applied it with delicious impartiality. Some of the "boys" were many years older than himself.

First impressions in this case were not at all convincing, and strangers listened with caution to the tales that were told of Russell's influence. They accepted readily enough the

statement that he was a successful merchant, realising, of course, that genius is not absolutely necessary to the making of money, but they were sceptical as to his capacity in the handling of men. For one thing, Nature had dealt very sparingly with him in the matter of inches; she had also refused him that gift of tongues which is regarded as one of the essentials of effective teaching, and in completing her handiwork she had made him shy and fearful of attracting notice. Publicity loomed before him as one of the ogres of existence; a seat on a public platform was not a distinction to be sought, but a penalty to be avoided; and the speeches he was compelled to make were marvels of inconsequent floundering, though their length never failed to satisfy the most rigorous apostle of brevity. Even the lesson delivered in the seclusion of the class-room was often given in a halting tongue, and it frequently treated the text with magnificent contempt—but those lessons have lived for years, and their power has bridged the span of the seas.

"He's a ter'ble hard man to size up," said old Jack Arkwright on one occasion, when the manners of the teacher were being analysed, "an' yo've to gooa a long way afoore yo' begin to get hold of his points. He'd make a poor show among th' theologians, but he's a reg'lar terror for common sense, an' he'd tell yo' what humanity stands for while th' book-larned professors wer' lookin' for words. Likewise, I've seen him make a fearful mess o' Deuteronomy and Leviticus, but it's grand to hear him picking about among th' Psalms, and when he gets to th' Sermon on th' Mount, yo' feel as if o' th' fact'ry worries and day-bi-day troubles don't matter a bit, for he's given yo' something to help yo' through."

And then, by way of clinching his argument, old Jack added: "But what it o' comes to is this—whatever Mister Russell

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preiches in his class-room, he practises outside, an' if that isn't the best o' preichin', I'd like to know what is."

He was also a wonderful dabbler in detail, and when he undertook to show that a man's happiness lay largely in his own hands, he rarely had anything to say about the great problems of thought, but much about the supreme claim of the minor duties. In one direction, indeed, his power may be explained by his attention to the things which some men would pass by as trifles, and others would, maybe, reject as out of place. There was, for example, his inclusion of thrift among the moral obligations. To this day the boys remind each other of that quaint lesson which the teacher ended by taking off his coat and showing them how to fold it up. "Clothes carefully treated every night, instead of being thrown aside in a disordered bundle," he explained, "will have several months of life added to their record, and will also make some contribution to the measure of your home content. Besides," he went on, "the money you save will, at least, come in handy when you meet some poor soul who hasn't got a coat to his back, or another who doesn't know where his next crust is coming from." For the completion of the record, it should be added that the lesson has not been forgotten, and certain of the fathers of Guildchester are now passing it along to their sons.

From this it will be seen that John Russell had a large interpretation for the word "teacher." Inside the class-room he was the trusty counsellor; outside, he was the loyal friend, one at whose fireside the "boys" were always welcome, the first to whom they turned in the day of perplexity; and this they did with the assurance that he would never scorn their affairs as paltry and beneath his concern. On one occasion—this by way of example—he told me how Tom Hindle had sought his advice on the cost of furnishing, and how he was stricken with dismay when he learned that an expenditure of £50 was demanded for the equipment of a two-up-and-two-down house. "That's a heap o' brass," Tom protested. "We reckoned that happen we might do it for fifty shillin'." After this, he proceeded to demonstrate the cheapness of chairs and tables, but John Russell was inflexible. "If you can't spend £50 on your home, you had better leave it alone," he

insisted. And Tom called on the following night to tell him that they had "decided to wait a bit, an' keep on saving."

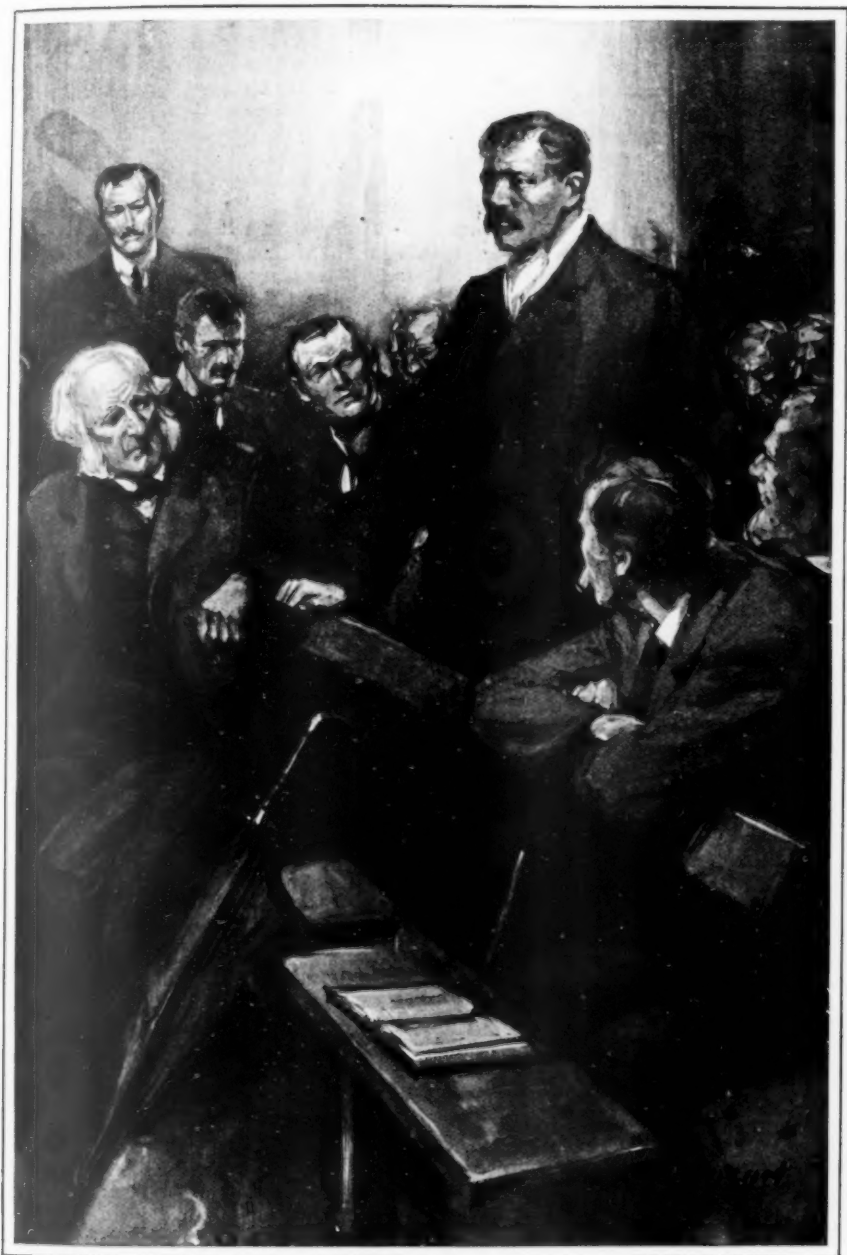
Of course, there were exceptions to this rule of confidential regard, but none of real note until Matthew Black had his name entered on the class register. It was only half a year that Black stayed, but through it all he was a man of mystery. Even the manner of his coming was unusual. One Sunday afternoon he took his stand under the prison wall, and when Russell came along, he crossed the street and accosted him. "I'm Matthew Black," he said, "and I'd like to ship with you." He added that he was a stranger to Guildchester, but no further revelation did he offer.

He was set down at first as a man in the forties, but on closer acquaintance it was realised that it was not the imprint of the years that he carried but rather the mark of a rough life and reckless. He was not a son of Lancashire, and those who endeavoured to establish his county by his tongue were completely baffled. Afterwards it was discovered that his dialect was that of the man who has travelled the seven seas and leagues of far-away lands. Travel, or it may have been Nature, had moreover endowed him with a certain rugged eloquence, but this fact was not disclosed until the day of farewell.

In the annals of the class that day is recorded in letters of gold underlined with red. So far as the outward signs had any significance it was destined to be one of those ordinary, placid days which made up the round of the year. But it fell out that while John Russell was turning over the pages of his Bible in search of his text, he detected an unusual movement at the other end of the room, and found that the man of silence had risen to his feet and was obviously demanding to be heard.

"Begging your pardon, sir," Black began in response to Russell's sharp glance of inquiry, "I'd like a word or two with you, and the classmates. It'll mebbe be a long word, and I'm doubting that it may spoil the lesson you've got ready for us, but I must say it, for to-morrow I'm away t' London Docks, and then t' the sea."

"Oh, don't worry about my lesson, Matthew," Russell replied. "Perhaps the word that you would say may prove a more powerful one than mine."



"'Begging your pardon, sir,' Black began in response to Russell's sharp glance of inquiry, 'I'd like a word or two with you and the classmates.'"

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From the somewhat disconnected string of sentences which followed it was gathered that Black was not proposing a valedictory exhortation, but a record of his own career. It was also set forth that during his association with the school there had been a linking of lives which had not been sufficiently grasped.

"I've been doing what Jim calls a bit of 'Pilgrim's Progress' work," he continued, and then he smilingly suggested that he was bringing Jim into the story before his time, and went off on another tack. "I'd better begin at the beginning where a tale ought to start. I s'pose I ought t' be rated among the prodigals, but I'm not quite one of the ordinary sort—I didn't break my mother's heart, and I didn't bring my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. My mother, you see, killed herself with drink, and if I told you my father's name some of you'd likely recognise it at once—he died in gaol. As for names, the one that was given to me when I started cruising wasn't Matthew Black—that name I've thrown away; it wasn't worth keeping, and it helped to pull me down. There's a mighty lot in a name sometimes, I can tell you. P'raps, if my mother had been straight, I'd have had a cleaner log-book. Once on a time, I didn't think it mattered, but now I've got a better look out; I've been watching other men, and I can see that mothers must be a powerful help, 'specially in days of trouble; sort o' sheet-anchor when there's a gale a-blowing, and the breakers are hard a-lee.

"Ever since I could remember anything at all I seem to have been like that young man you've told us about now and again—a sort of Ishmael, with everybody's hand against me. I learned what fear of the law was almost as soon as I could walk. And I grew up t' look on the world as a place half-filled with policemen always on the look out for a chance to have me run in. In fact, that was how I got my start in life—through being run in. It led me to the reformatory, and there I was taught to read and write and do a few other things which should have helped me to get my bread and butter fair and square. And, of course, at the end of it all, I had work found for me, and I might have made my life a decent thing, but—well, I s'pose it was in the blood. I took what I thought was the easy road, and went downhill."

Here John Russell ventured on a question: "Was it an easy road, Matthew?"

"Easy! Bless you, sir, it's the hardest road that any man can pick. If ever you run against any sea-lawyer who tries to stuff you with the notion that the way o' wickedness is a way o' comfort and pleasantness, don't you have anything to say to him. He's sailing by a wrong chart. I know—I've tried it. It was one of that crew what finished me off. I don't know that I'd ever thought much about God, but at least they taught me a bit about Him at the reformatory, and after I started life on my own I had a spell of loafing on the outside edge of some of them preaching crowds what are doing more good than a lot o' folk reckon on. And the things I heard there set me wondering, and—and—wanting, and terrible uncomfortable, and if anybody'd got hold of me, there's no telling what might have happened. But, as luck would have it, I slipped one night into another sort o' meeting, and there was a young feller a-talking twenty-four to the dozen. I never listened to such a flood, and he seemed powerful clever, and made everything as plain as print. He was set on showing that there wasn't any God, that the world had just happened along of itself, so to speak, that when we were dead we were done for, that love was all humbug, and that a man ought to lash his hellum and go in for having a good time. When I came out I found that I'd drifted away into the middle of a sea where it was always night; a sea what had no kindly port at the other side, and no lighthouse flares to show us the way home.

"I'm not going t' worry you with the ins and outs of the life I led after that—they're not nice, and there's nothing t' be gained by rooting among dustheaps. I'll only tell you that I ploughed my way through all the slutch, and I played a grand game of pretence, trying to persuade myself that the mire was solid ground, and that I was having a better time than the folks I hated—the folks who kept tumbling like I did, but were better than me, because they kept trying again. All the time, I was going down and down, until it seemed as if there wasn't anything lower for me to fall to; when I asked for work no man 'd give it to me, and when I asked for help women looked at me with fear in their eyes,

THE JOY OF HARVEST

and men with suspicion, and I seemed to be listenin' to an everlasting 'No.' And all the time I was thinking about the man who said there wasn't any God, and blaming these other folks instead of myself, and my heart got filled t' the hatches with bitterness and hatred.

"At last things grew so desp'rate with me, that I tramped up t' Liverpool, and there I shipped on a packet bound for Pacific ports. 'Course, I'd got no papers, but she was terrible short-handed, and when I did a pierhead jump I was very welcome. She carried a crew of scallywags, but there wasn't a man aboard whose iniquity was equal to mine. And, of course, I paid—between the old man and the mate I came as near being killed as a man could, and for all of it I gave them the blame and took none myself. Then, as soon as we landed at 'Frisco, the crimps got hold of me, and when I'd slept off their drugs, I found myself afloat on a Western Ocean boat, with a Yankee skipper. And so for the next four years I followed the sea, on the worst of boats, learning more villainy than even I had dreamed of, having my fill of brutality, too, and all they did to me I set down in my log against the rest of mankind, feeling sure that the world consisted of two ratings—tyrants and humbugs.

"Now, then, I'm coming to the part what concerns you. After I'd knocked about as I've told you—sinning and scoffing and hating—I got stranded in London, right down to the uppers, without a decent rag to my back, and not a cent in my pockets.

If I asked for work, I only got marching orders, and so I joined the homeless brigade what the police are always moving on, and at nights I used to prowl about and look at the lighted windows, and curse the day that gave homes to other people and made me an outcast.

"One night—it was a Sunday—I was slouching about, hungry and shivery and hopeless, and I came to a church, and as the door was open I slipped into the porch just t' get a bit o' shelter from the wind an' rain. I hadn't been in many minutes when the organ began to play, and then the folks



"'Fact is,' says I, 'I'm booking my passage to Guildchester t' see that there old teacher o' yours'—p. 620.

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started a-singing. I shall never forget that hymn as long as I live. It was one you've a fancy for yourselves. I've heard you singing it in the church alongside :

"O, Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

"It's no use trying to tell you what I felt. You wouldn't understand. You've never lived like an Ishmael without any Hagar to take hold of your hand in the desert. I waited for the second verse and then I bolted. As I reached the street, I spotted a young fellow, and I laid hold of him by the arm, and I says: 'Look here, d'ye know what they're singing in there?' 'Course, he didn't, and so I tells him that they're singing. 'O, Love that wilt not let me go,' and then I burst out laughing, and I says: 'They're singing about love when there isn't any love, and they're singing about God, when there isn't any God!'"

"And then I was making off, just shaking my sides with laughing, the laughter that's bitter and nasty, but the young fellow brings me up with my sails all aback. 'Steady, my boy,' says he, 'could you do with a square meal?' and then in the next breath, 'Come along o' me. I'm just going aboard, and I reckon the stooard'll have something tasty for tea. He always has on nights like this, when the weather's dirty."

"Then he steers a course for the docks, and takes me aboard the *Henry Jackson*, a fine 7,000-ton tramp, and he hails the stooard, and tells him quite ordinary like: 'Brought a friend for a cup o' tea, Sam. Hope you've got something good.' Yes, that's what he did. Called me his friend, and me with a past as black as pitch. Took me into his own cabin—me that was all rags, and dirtier than anything aboard. And when we'd got the tea in front of us, he helped me to this an' that, an' saw that my plate was never empty, and all the time he spun me a yarn about things what had happened, and never asked a question about myself."

"Well now, as soon as we'd finished, I felt that I ought t' make myself scarce, but he clears a corner for me on the locker nearest the stove, and says he: 'Oh, there's no hurry. Make yourself at home.' And then something that had been buzzing in my head bursts out, and I says: 'Hold on a minute. About that there love I men-

tioned. I think I'd better take something back. I said there wasn't any love, but if this isn't love, I don't know what is!' And with that he smiled in that quiet, taking way that he's got, and he says: 'That's just what my old teacher up at Guildchester used to tell us. He used to say that love doesn't talk much as a rule, but it has a fine way o' doing things; and he was also fond o' telling us that Christianity meant, first and foremost, doing for a man just what he needed.'"

From this point, Matthew Black slipped deeper into details, which need not be set down here. Already to the little company had one magnificent fact been revealed: that in the chief-engineer of the ocean tramp the man had met with James Whittaker, one of John Russell's boys, and henceforward their interest in the development of the stranger's career was invested with a strong personal touch.

"He's a clean-looking man, is Jim," Black at length proceeded, "and my life showed up terribly grimy alongside his, but when he made me an offer of work, even though it was down in the stokehold, I made up my mind that I'd make a desp'rate try t' go straight. He made you feel a sort as if it was worth while. I don't know where I began, but—I—well, I just struggled."

Here the man faltered for a moment. "Struggle!" he repeated. "It's untellable. Agony of body. Madness of brain. That's what it was. It would have been bad for anybody, but it was worse for me, 'cause, don't you see, I'd still got those notions about there not being any God. If it hadn't been for Jim, I'd soon have gone under. He was a real pal—stood by all the time—and though he'd never very much t' say, he didn't know when he was beaten, nor when he was tired. And sometimes, when I asked him what for he was doing all this for me, he'd say: 'Oh, it isn't me, it's the Master. You see, my old teacher at Guildchester, says that sometimes, when God wants to prove His love, He gets some of His men to do the work for Him.'"

"It was fine to see him aboard our old hooker. If any man was in trouble, it was Jim he went to. If a man was sick, it was Jim who'd spend a hump of his watch below doin' a bit o' nursing and comfortin'; on all occasions his strength and peacefulness were things to wonder at."



"So I joined the homeless brigade what the police are always moving on"—p. 617.

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"Now then, that's the man I made my model. Only, while I trusted Jim, I'd little faith in anybody else, and there were those ideas about God, and besides, I felt pretty sure that even if God was real I was too bad t' be given another chance. One night, after we'd talked things over, Jim gets his Book out, and picks among a few bits what were very bonny, but didn't quite fit my case. At last, he tells me that he's got the very thing. 'It's John Russell's fav'rite,' says he, 'and if this doesn't show you the way there's nothing that will.'

"First two verses were nice, but they weren't for me, but when he gets to the third, I sings out for him to let me have it again, an' so he reads it over:

"'Who forgiveth ALL thine iniquities. . . Who healeth ALL thy diseases. . . Who redeemeth THY life from destruction. . . Who crowneth THEE with lovingkindness and tender mercies.'

"'There!' says Jim, 'isn't that a king's pardon for you? Isn't that a charter o' liberty?'

"The way he handled that word 'ALL' was mighty. That night, and through the next day and the day after that, I kept hearing it, and in between I heard him telling about his old teacher at Guildchester, and his powerful way o' throwing a light on things what were hidden. And then all in a flash, I saw what I might do, and it didn't take me long to make up my mind.

"This was when we were homeward-bound, a week out from Melbourne, and when we'd got back to London river I gave Jim the surprise of his life. When the cap'n had rung the engine-room off duty, Jim sends for me to his cabin, and lets me know that he's goin' t' stand by, and that he expects I'll sign on for the next round, but I says to him: 'No, my boy, you're not going t' stand by, and I'm not sailing on the *Henry Jackson* next trip. Fact is,' says I, 'I'm going t' do a bit on my own. I'm booking my passage to Guildchester t' see that there old teacher o' yours.' You should have seen his face! He looked as happy as a kiddie with a noo toy. After that I explained that I was counting on a navvy's job at the noo dock they were building up here t' keep me going for a spell, and then he hurries me off to the station, and the last thing I sees as the train sheers away is Jim a-smiling and waving his hand.

"Now, sir, you know who I am, and what I'm doing here. I came to try and find out about God—and Jim was right. You've made it plain. I've got a pack o' mist about me yet—there are things I'm not likely t' find out till I get across the bar, but you've satisfied me about God, and His loving-kindness, and I'm certain sure now that although I've been such a bad lot, He'll not be hard on me. Another thing you've done for me is this: you've turned the world into a kindlier place, for you've shown me that men and women are not all set on self. I've kept my weather eye fixed on all of you, though you didn't know it; all the time I've been listenin' and watchin'. You little thought what your doings have meant t' me—it's been more'n life and death. All unbeknown you've been giving me proof—the way you've stood by each other—the way you've given out o' your earnings to keep your church afloat—the way you've helped one another when the days were a bit dark—it's all been proving things to me, and now I know that love comes first."

Here, with a wealth of meaning, he flung out his hands towards John Russell, who sat at the end of the room with drooping head. "I can never thank you, sir, for what you have done for me. I've found out—all through you—that sin is more to be feared than hunger, and that life without love is more to be feared than death. And now—the *Henry Jackson* will be coming up the Thames to-morrow—and I'm away t' tell Jim all about it."

Matthew Black's confession was complete. When he sat down, a solemn silence settled on the room. Men seemed afraid of speech. At last, old Nathan Kenyon turned and held out his hand, and as Matthew Black released it, John Russell rose.

"These are glad tidings we have heard," he began, then halted, and went on brokenly: "It is good to know that our lives and words are not being wasted. . . that the spirit of this place is working in far-off lands, and even in the desolate regions of the great sea . . . that our dim lights are set on a hill for the help and comfort of those uncertain of the road. . . God moves in a mysterious way. . . He is very good to us. . . For many years He has granted us the joy of service, and this we count a crowning mercy—the joy of harvest."

The Sunday School of the Future

By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

THAT the Sunday School has a future, and a great future, few will deny. It has had a great past, marked with noble beginnings and many years of strenuous and successful service. At the present day it holds the proud position of being the chief auxiliary of the Church. Yet the Sunday School of the Future will not be the Sunday School of the Past. That is impossible, as even the most conservative will admit. Just at the present time we are at a period of transition. There is a new spirit abroad in the Sunday School, and changes, some of them great and far-reaching, are foreshadowed. For some time past there has been an undercurrent of unrest and dissatisfaction with things as they are. We all admit that the Sunday School is a magnificent testimony to the zeal and devotion of its workers. Year in and year out, often under most unfavourable conditions, they have laboured on, and, as a result, thousands have owed to them their spiritual birth and their standing in the Church of Christ. Yet it cannot be denied that in methods and policies the Sunday School has been in danger of getting into a rut. The great advances made in the day-school education have brought into strong relief the antiquated methods still allowed to be used in the Sunday School. The critics have had their say, and it must be admitted that there is some amount of truth in their charges and good in their suggestions. Now the Sunday School is waking up, and all over the country great changes are being made. It is certain that in ten years' time an entire revolution will have been effected, and the old-time methods will have passed

away, making room for the new. It is only fair and just to acknowledge that this advance has been greatly helped by the forward policy pursued in recent years by the Sunday School Union, under the able secretaryship of the Rev. Carey Bonner. Too often old-established organizations suffer from inertia and cast-iron methods, but the S.S.U. is certainly now in advance of, and not behind the progressive tendencies of the schools, and it is something to know that the Sunday School

of the Future, as outlined in this paper, is, in the main, along the lines advocated by the official Union.

What will be the Sunday School of the Future?

The Graded School

Perhaps the greatest change will be that the school of the future will be graded. In the old-time Sunday School as many of us knew it, all the children met together—at least, for opening and closing exercises. I have a vision of one such school, where the wee mites of

four and five were gathered in the first few rows. They would open their eyes with wonder, but unresponse, as the superintendent gave out a hymn suitable for the general body of the school: "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war." At the back of the hall were the boys—typical boys, full of life and mischief, with a perfect horror of being associated with "kiddies," even if that term covered boys only a year or two younger than themselves. As a concession to the infants, the next hymn would be, say, "I am Jesu's little lamb," and in this the boys, some of them just breaking their voices, would be asked to sing!

At the root of the changes in the Sunday School has been the discovery of the





A SMALL CLASS
PREPARING TO
ILLUSTRATE THEIR
LESSON BY MEANS
OF SAND TRAYS.

A SESSION OF THE
PRIMARY DEPART-
MENT, MISS ARCHI-
BALD CONDUCTING.



IN THE BEGINNERS'
DEPARTMENT, WITH
LARGE SAND TRAY
FOR "EXPRESSION."

VIEWS OF MR. ARCHIBALD'S SCHOOL AT BOURNVILLE,

SHOWING THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT AT WORK.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE

child. Instead of a man in miniature with adult emotions and ways of regarding things, the child has been found to be living in a world of his own, quite different from the prosaic creation known to adults. More than that, it has been realised that the child of six is totally different from that of nine, who, again, is on a different plane from the youth of twelve. Psychological processes rapidly succeed one another, making in the brief space of a year or two changes in the child's outlook and thought, and necessitating different treatment. So the school of the future will be graded. As in the day school, there will be separate classes, or forms, or standards, for different ages, where the child can be really taught.

What will be the main divisions of the school? This must, even in the school of the future, depend somewhat on the size and circumstances. In the school with which the writer is connected there are five or six divisions; but that is rendered possible because of the large number of scholars and the suitability of the premises. In this case there are separate departments for the Beginners, ages four and five; the Primary, for those of six and seven; the Junior, for eight and nine; whilst the general school caters for the Intermediate scholars, and the elder scholars are dealt with in separate class-rooms. In the school of the future of average size there will at least be the Primary, Junior, Intermediate, and Senior sections, all of which will conduct their worship separately and in their own way.

The Primary Department

Much has been seen and written about the Primary Department, and it therefore needs little description in these pages. Its introduction to this country may be said to be the work of Mr. G. Hamilton Archibald, who for some years past has been the Extension Lecturer of the Sunday School Union. Mr. Archibald learnt

Sunday School methods in Canada, for it must be confessed that England was slower in the work of reform than those on the other side of the Atlantic. The Primary Department, if it owes its inception in England to Mr. Archibald, owes a great deal of its reality and success to Miss Emily Huntley, who, early in the movement, gave up a promising scholastic career to the work of demonstrating the possibilities and capabilities of the new movement. All over the country Miss Huntley has journeyed, holding demonstrations and conducting conferences on methods. One does not know which to admire the most with Miss Huntley—her

subtle hold on the infant mind, as displayed in her demonstrations, or her practical grasp of methods as revealed in the conferences of workers, when she stands the test of all sorts and conditions of questions. Miss Ethel Archibald, too, has expounded most admirably the way in which the work should be conducted, whilst Miss Hetty Lee has been particularly concerned with the work in the Church of England.

The idea of the Primary Department is to infuse the little one with the worship atmosphere. From four to eight the child is peculiarly susceptible to "atmosphere," and one has only to be present at one of Miss Archibald's or Miss Huntley's demonstrations to realise what a real, living spirit of worship is possible. Instead of the old system whereby one or two teachers "kept in order" fifty or sixty infants seated on a gallery, a young fellow or girl of about sixteen, fresh from the senior class, gathers three or four little ones around him, or her, and tells them a story—just as father or mother would.

The Primary Department has come to stay. It has its weaknesses and its drawbacks, of which the chief are, that a great deal more organisation is required, and



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that the whole success of the Department depends on getting a really capable superintendent. Its great advantages, however, outweigh them, and the Primary Department, fully equipped, will find its way into the school of the future.

The Junior Department

The Junior Department takes the scholars of from eight to nine, ten, or eleven. An outsider would think the same kind of treatment would do for the Primary and the Junior child, yet those who have tried it know that the difference in the child is most marked. The sand-trays and the drawings that were so suitable for the Primary are rapidly outgrown; the boy or girl is now in a more practical age—the age of memorising and investigation. So in the Junior Department the child is taught to know his place in the Bible, to draw a map of the Holy Land, etc. As in the previous department, however, reverence is sought and obtained, the meaning and the value of prayer instilled into the child mind, and the presence and power of the Holy Father realised.

Intermediate School

In the school of the future the same idea will be carried out in the Intermediate School. The teaching will be by trained teachers—trained in a knowledge of the Bible, in a knowledge of teaching, and a knowledge of the child. The "preaching at" the boy, which has so often had disastrous results under the present system, will tend to disappear. In its place will be the gradual converging of all agencies with a view to obtaining just the result the school aims at—the conversion of the scholar. His course through the earlier departments of the school will all lead up to this; the curriculum and the place and method of teaching will insensibly draw him to decision.

The Weak Link

The weak link in the Sunday School chain at present is the boy of from twelve to sixteen. Too often under the present system he leaves the school and drifts away from the Church. Attention has been focused during the last few years on the very little child, and the Primary Department is the result. It does not require much foresight to prophesy that soon the new movement will concern itself with the older child. First will come the organisation of the Junior Department, and after that, perhaps some years ahead, there will be a reorganisation of the general school which shall do some-

thing to stop the leakage that has been so disastrous to the school and the Church.

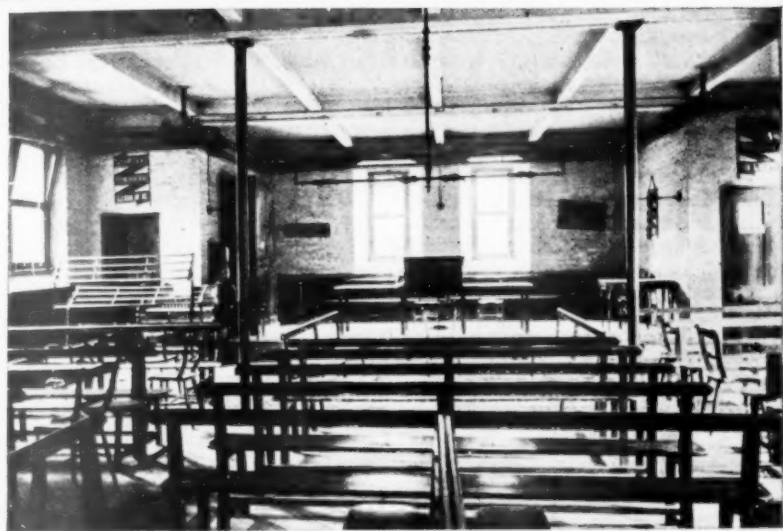
The lines which this new advance will take are foreshadowed in the policy of the "Institute" advocated by the Sunday School Union, and adopted with success by several schools. Under this plan the term "Sunday School," too suggestive of "kiddies" by the youth of the restless age, is kept in the background, and the elder boys and girls—or young men and women, as they

will be designated—assemble by themselves in the Institute.

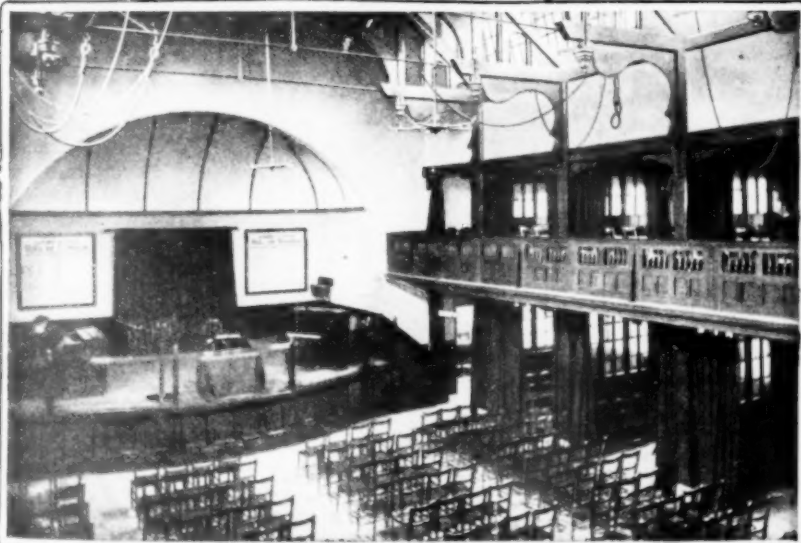
In the school of the future the elder scholars will take their lessons in separate class-rooms, under the charge of only the best qualified leaders. The classes will be larger and better organised, the boys and the girls themselves taking a great deal of the responsibility of the work. There will be monitors and registrars, secretaries, and librarians as part of the normal staff of the class, these offices being filled by the scholars themselves, thus inculcating trust and resourcefulness.

The Senior School, or Institute, will have a worship service of which the reverence will be totally foreign to the "keeping in order" which is too often a feature of the present-day senior classes.





A TYPICAL OLD STYLE UNDERGROUND SCHOOL.



A MODERN SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING, WITH
SEPARATE CLASS ROOMS FOR EVERY CLASS.

THE QUIVER

New Buildings

This hasty survey of the graded school can only give a glimpse; but it is sufficient to show that in equipment and buildings a vast alteration will have to take place. Outwardly, the most striking feature of the school of the future will be the new buildings. It is really marvellous what in the past has been thought good enough in the way of buildings for the child. Underground vaults, approached by dark corridors, full of hidden terrors to the nervous child—these have not been exceptional, but common. In the future the influence of surroundings on character will be more adequately recognised, and we shall have spacious, well-lit, above-ground buildings, not one large hall wherein order is impossible, but a series of small halls where the teacher will not be handicapped right and left, but where even the very walls will help to influence the child aright.

The Teacher of the Future

The Sunday School of the Future will have properly equipped teachers. It would be ludicrous, were it not so tragic, to hear some of the "teaching" now given. All honour is due to the noble band of voluntary workers engaged in the schools; but some of these are themselves only too conscious of the need for thorough equipment. Too often at the present time willingness to "take a class" is the only qualification demanded. In the future the teachers will be thoroughly trained; most of them, when still quite young, will have left the senior classes to help in the Primary Department. Here they will come under the direct influence of the Primary superintendent, and with the obligatory weekly preparation class their progress will be rapid, for both the theoretical and practical sides of teaching will be acquired. The writer has for years conducted a

preparation class under the new system, and it is marvellous to observe the change that comes over a young fellow, or girl, after a few months of the responsibility of guiding and instructing the little ones. Again and again the scholar has taught the teacher, and led him to seek out for himself the meaning of great truths he never troubled about when a passive member of a senior class.

Teacher training will make great strides as it is already doing. At the present time there are two colleges devoted to the work of teacher training—the Training Institute, Bournville, conducted by Mr. Archibald, and "St. Christopher's," Blackheath, founded by the Rev. W. Hume Campbell, in connection with the Church of England. Each of these colleges gives a thorough course on the theoretical, practical, and spiritual sides of teaching, and those who have graduated have in many cases become not merely teachers, but teachers of teachers.

The Interest of the Church

Lastly, the school of the future, if it is to be successful, will have, in a far greater degree than is the case at present, the interest and help of the Church. Too often the Sunday School has been regarded as a detached society, rather than a part of the organism of the Church. It has been crippled for money, for teachers, for interest; and it is here that the great awakening is to come. We are beginning to realise that if the masses are to be drawn into the Church it must be through the gates of childhood, and largely through the agency of the Sunday School. The school of the future will be a living, vital part of the Church organisation, run directly under the influence of the Church, manned by its most capable workers, occupying the best premises, and provided with the very best equipment.



A Simple Tale of a Great Idea

By ANNE WARNER

Wherein this popular American writer outlines a new Educational Ideal

THIS is the story of a big wonder wrought in this little world of ours through the time and thought of one man who was a schoolmaster, and one woman who was his wife. They were the seed, and they fell on good soil, and such was the harvest that I have given myself the joy of telling the tale of that growing. Do not ask me where, for that is a question that I may not answer; but ask me why, and I will bid you hold the mirror before your own face. *You* are why, and if you consider enough you may well be able to help in the telling where on some future day.

The schoolmaster, who had been born to

what we most of us term "better things" (although he did not see it so), had lived for forty years all over the face of the globe. He was so much a cosmopolitan in soul and brain and body that finally the world became too small for him, and he left it and hunted out a little corner where he felt that a man who was willing to give himself utterly, might hope, with a reasonable chance of success, to find heaven. He was already near enough to heaven to have been given that rarely precious treasure, a real true wife, and God—seeing quite clearly the great place to be filled by these two—had taken unto Himself two little lives that had absorbed them utterly, and so left them wholly free to consecrate themselves to His service. The first birdling to flutter away to the eternal blue had had blue eyes, and the second born to fill the great ache had had dark eyes, so every blue-eyed child and every dark-eyed child laid its claim upon this father and mother. Watch as you walk the streets how many little ones you



"The schoolmistress descended into their midst with a great tray of golden-brown circles of sweetness"—p. 629.

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see who fall into neither category, and then you will measure the sense of the claim and its size. They walked the streets of many cities and did all they could to help here, there and everywhere, but all that filled them throughout their efforts to be helpful was a continually growing sense of helplessness, a continual apprehension that eleemosynary aid is never anything but a momentary patch of relief upon the great continual pain.

"It would be better if we might give our whole existence to the raising up of a few good men and women," the man—not yet a schoolmaster—said finally, and his wife, stealing close and laying her arm around his neck, said, in her sweet low voice, "Let us find some place and go there and work together and try to do it."

It was about six months later that they found the place and went there. The six months between had been spent in study and preparation. These two, who had been everywhere and seen everything, abandoned all their advantages, became pupils themselves, and worked hard and faithfully, so that they might attain to the high level which they judged necessary for the inception of the vast labour, of true assistance to those far behind and beneath them.

"It may be altogether beyond what we can even conceive now," the man said often; "but if we sow richly, and never stint our tending, the harvest may well be of such a kind as will set a great example, and in that case—who knows?"

"It is all a question of our own capability to give," said his wife; "you and I both know that."

They came to their new kingdom on an early autumn day, and one who was very great in the neighbourhood offered them hospitality until they should be settled. This one who was very great had been at school with the schoolmaster when they were two small boys. Life had been run in widely different moulds for them, but the one who was very great was great enough to know which of the two bid fair to be the highest. So he begged them to stay with him until they should be a bit settled.

"Oh, no," said the schoolmaster, smiling and shaking his head; "I can't give you any advantage over the rest of the village,

and I can't give myself any either. We'll go to our own house."

Their "own house" was part of the schoolhouse, and the schoolhouse was a relic of another generation—a bare, ugly thing amidst ugly surroundings. Some of the ground about was bare, and some was covered with poor grass, knee high. Yet the schoolmaster had come and seen all weeks before—had chosen with his eyes wide open.

Their boxes and parcels were all dumped down in the deserted yard, and they looked at one another and then looked at the schoolhouse.

"Lots to do," said the wife, when they had unlocked the warped door with the rusty key and gone inside. Their feet echoed as they went through the bare upper hall, and she looked into the different rooms which must be welded into a home by her hands and her love, not for just her husband, but for all those who should come to her and crave loving.

"Yes, plenty of work," said the schoolmaster cheerily. They had brought many queer and unscholarly cases with them, and now upon the first day—the first day of that week before school begins—the man and the woman sat busily to work. What they had learned in the past six months did not show now—it was what they had learned in life that forged ahead first. Neither was backward nor ashamed to labour. They had hired no one to help. No one came to draw nails and knock off boards for the master; no woman was obtained to scrub or clean for the mistress. The village children came like vultures to a battle-field and looked on with open mouths. No such sight as this had they ever seen before. Such quick, quiet methods. They watched these two curious folk and could not measure them by any hitherto accepted standard. They did not seem lacking in dignity, because dignity, hammers, and soapsuds can no more merge together in some minds than six miles and sixpence can in real life. All of the first morning the children stood about, an ever-increasing throng, staring on the master who worked smilingly in their midst. He had unboxed the kitchen things, and the little girls had watched the mistress neatly and deftly put pots and kettles in place. The rest of the rooms were still dark and dirty, but the

A SIMPLE TALE OF A GREAT IDEA

kitchen was bright and orderly. They could see that through the open door. When noon came they all went home, and some of them told at dinner how very oddly the new schoolmaster was acting. A few of the mothers feared that the many on-lookers "bothered," but the children, one and all, were sure that they did not do so. "They smile at us all the time," one declared, and as soon as the meal was over they all hurried back to the school-house.

Things there were as busy as ever, but a few minutes after the schoolmaster's wife took off her big apron and slipped on a smaller white one. She opened different boxes and papers then, took out many things, poured a bag of flour into a big yellow bowl, added other ingredients, set a kettle of lard on a little oil-stove, and after about half an hour a wondrous odour filled not only the kitchen but the whole outdoors as well. She was cooking something, and whatever it was it was surely good to eat. The children who were watching were poor children—children to whom cakes and sweets came almost never. Fancy, then, what it meant when the schoolmistress descended into their midst with a great tray of golden-brown circles of sweetness, borne in her two strong white hands! There were two apiece all around.

That was the real beginning, the foreword, index, and outline all in one. The good, hot, friendly cakes offered freely and eaten in company. The shyness disappeared, and when the master suggested that they all take hold and help in the settling there was joy indeed. From then till dark twenty pairs of willing (albeit often awkward) hands



"The mistress ran out into the garden to hoe and weed with another class"—p. 630.

aided the two pairs which had come "to help." The master and mistress did that hardest work of all—the directing of the inefficient in the doing of what one can do so much better oneself—but they did their part willingly, remembering that rule of the duty which lies nearest.

After nightfall, when the children had finally departed and the curtains were drawn, they rectified the worst mistakes in secrecy, so that their part should never be known, and then they went to bed. During their sleep the bed suddenly came apart, owing to the total ignorance of those who had set it up and covered their deficiencies

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with the spring; but the master and his wife only laughed, lit a candle, and rectified that mistake as well as the others.

The rest of the week all the children of the village spent every spare minute at the schoolhouse, working to establish order there. They worked willingly, for it was all novelty and delight. The house was cleaned, the grass was cut, the vines were trimmed, the fence was mended, a dead tree was felled and chopped up for firewood, all was made neat and ready for school.

Then, on Saturday afternoon, when the mistress brought forth, for a second time, the big tray of wondrous cakes, the master stood up before them while they ate, and made a little speech.

"Girls and boys," he said, in his clear, strong voice, "we're come here—my wife and I—to live with you. We've begun well by working together. Working together is the best way to get on together in this world. For me to help you or for you to help me will never in the end do more than get things along about as they're going now; but when people work together they always both get further than either can go alone. *Helping* means that somebody is weak and must be brought along by strength outside, but *work* means that much more done ahead. Day after tomorrow school will begin. I've come to teach you, because I know more than you do at present, but if the day doesn't come that each of you is able and willing to be a better teacher than I am now, I shall have failed at my task. You may none of you ever be school teachers, but you each have the chance of being able to teach outside of school. I mean you'll each as man or woman have the chance to teach by the example of the life you live. I want you to live that life so that it will be a joy to you, an example to others, an honour to your country, and a monument to the God who made you. We can only do that if we work together."

I won't say that all the children understood all that he said, but more of them *felt* what he meant than understood his words. Every earnest speaker can always feel that sort of understanding in his audience intuitively.

School opened on the next Monday.

The school was a school of two classes—the big children and the little ones. There were only about fifteen little ones, so the mistress had them in her biggest room up-

stairs and made their room into a sort of library and meeting-place for the needle-work classes. She had a wonderful gift with rooms, had this slight, little, bright-eyed woman, and the great barren chamber changed its whole being under the magic of her touch and became interesting and inviting.

She was brimming with desire to forward that giving upon which she had assured her husband that all their success would depend; but she knew well how sure and deep the foundations must be laid. Growth is, after all, a very mutual affair; we are each a shuttle of opportunities going quickly back and forth in humanity's loom. So, when she wanted to have kindergarten training, she took the four oldest girls in the school and made them into aids. The first work of the sewing class which she had already organised was to make blue aprons for the little tots. When the aprons were done, the five- and six-year-old boys, as well as girls, began every day with an hour's drill in housework. They helped the mistress, who kept no maid, and at the end of the hour each had a little lunch, the reward of absolute obedience. Then one of the big girls sat to keep order while they laboured over their copybooks, and the mistress ran out into the garden to hoe and weed with another class. You see this was a school built on a new plan, on the ideal of one who had lived all over the world and brought the results to a corner of the same. There was a vast amount of practical work, of that kind of work which we are all supposed to know how to do without teaching, and which as a consequence is often so very poorly done. There was drill in the ethics of right and in the ethics of daily life—the waking up of that conscience which sees in a rust spot or an unmended hole a lost opportunity as well as in a lie a sin against God.

"It doesn't matter a bit whether I know or not," the mistress said a dozen times a day. "What matters is that *you* know. You are the biggest person in your world. The more you try to do right the bigger you are and the bigger your world will get to be. There is no standard but just that one."

Somehow, she had a wonderful hold over the children, and her husband had the same. Their influence soon began to stretch beyond the school walls. Other villages heard of what was going forward and wanted to come



"Old lame Tommy Drew taught the bricklaying"—p. 632.

and see for themselves. And that led to a subtle change in the minds of all, from the very great person down to the poorest ratepayer. Civic pride woke from a long spell of lethargy and revolted that Boards who had better schoolhouses were so unpleasantly scrutinising.

For I said that the schoolhouse was out of date and very old, and when these visits from other quarters became more and more frequent the School Board could not bear it, called a meeting, and decided to build a new school. The schoolmaster was present, and to his great astonishment and delight was appointed a committee of one to report on plans.

In a fortnight he reported.

"Here is the plan," he said, smiling in

the face of their assembled solemnity, "and here is an estimate. You see what it will cost. The architect gets 10 per cent, of course."

The plan was good, the estimate moderate, so both were ratified at once.

"And now I'll just say a word," said the schoolmaster, rising and throwing his bright persuasive gaze over them all, "and I hope that you'll all see it as I do. I drew that plan, and I don't want any pay for it; and the boys and I are going to build our own new schoolhouse with only such help as will be absolutely necessary, so the estimate will be reduced by three-quarters. With the money that is saved I want to do two things. I want to have a circulating library, and I want a place where the very

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little children in the village may be cared for while their parents are at work."

The Board was much startled at so radical a proposition, but in the end they let him have his way.

It was late spring now, and the very next week the bricklaying and carpentry classes opened in the schoolyard. Old lame Tommy Drew, who had sat forlornly doing nothing ever since his accident eight years before, taught the bricklaying, and they used sand and water instead of mortar, so that each day began by pulling down yesterday's faults. The carpentry was taught by the master himself. How they worked! and when vacation came the village was ready to put up its own schoolhouse. It is no slight matter to build a house, and all the vacation through master and pupils were busy many hours daily. It was a wonderful time—a wonderful experience. Where it was possible the girls helped; when it wasn't possible they had other work. All were busy.

The new schoolhouse was roofed before cold weather came. The day that the roof was put on the most agile boy among them climbed to the ridge-pole and fastened a little tree there, following an old German custom of which the master had told them. All winter long they were busy two hours a day inside. Wonders were there, too. Notably one poor little hunchback, who found that he was a carver in wood, and when he realised his gift sat still, with a white joy on his white face, never having guessed before what a sublime thing it may be to see in oneself a special instrument of that purpose that manifests in art.

The scholars were a whole year building their new home, and it was done just in time to lock up for the summer holiday. The schoolmaster's wife went away then, and later he went too. There were many in the parish who kept the shuttle in the human loom weaving now, and the desire to surprise the two whom all had learned to love so well was as able to accomplish as the simpler emotions had been.

They moved all the personal belongings out of the old house into the new, and all sorts of additions were added surreptitiously. The needle-workers had hemmed fresh curtains, fresh everything; the very great one had sent a piano; the little bits of children had gathered and cut and tied

and piled the sticks for all the winter's fires. Hearts were very full as the whole parish made ready for that welcome home.

The pantry was provisioned; all the vases were filled; lights were placed in every room; there was even a young, rosy cook in the kitchen, who was to remain permanently. The great one sent a carriage—his own closed carriage—to the station, and just in the dusk everyone stood in the doorway and smiled and felt choked and whispered "God bless 'em," as the carriage rolled swiftly by on its way to the new home.

Nobody cried aloud in joy, and not one single friend was there to say a welcoming word, because—because the schoolmaster and his wife brought a very little guest back with them, and it was desirable that all should be as peaceful as possible about her.

But a fortnight later, on the eve of the day when school would begin again, the schoolmaster's wife said:

"We have learned to love and live under all sorts of conditions, and why should we deny her the same good lesson? She'll never notice the voices and laughter if they are always about, and I mean to-morrow morning to bring her down myself and let them all see her."

So the schoolmaster told them the next morning, and, when he was through, all the eyes in that new, bright, sunshiny room turned towards the door.

The door opened and the schoolmistress came in and sat down, and laid the baby on her knee, so that if there were any advantage it should belong, as is right, to the littlest and weakest. And all the children crowded about and whispered and giggled foolishly, and were very wondering and very happy.

And as they thronged close the sweet baby suddenly opened her eyes, looked up, and smiled that dear, fleeting smile that means so much to the mother's heart.

But—

"Oh!" cried the child who was nearest, "Oh!"

The mistress looked at the child and laughed. "Yes," she said, "we know! It does happen sometimes. It won't show so much after a while. It's funny, isn't it?"

For the baby had one blue and one brown eye.

The Silver Thread of Faith

Final Article in the Series "Life's Tangled Thread"

By the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

IT was said by a well-known writer that the characteristic feature of the clergy was a certain gentle melancholy. There was some justification for this description. We have all met, though not exclusively among clergymen, the good people who have either assumed or grown into a manner which suggests that they are enduring the world with a kind of meek tolerance. It would be unkind and unjust to criticise such people; for till we know the full measure of their inherited tendencies, the character of their upbringing, and the circumstances of their lives, it is out of our power to judge how far their manner is natural or assumed. But it certainly ought not to be taken as the correct or necessary Christian type of manner or character. It is true that Christian faith opens our eyes very clearly to the evil that is in the world; it is true that the more our conscience beats true and our heart grows tender we shall be alive to those things which degrade humanity. The vivid perception of the great gulf between evil and good cannot fail to deepen our sense of the seriousness of life.

But to realise the seriousness of life is a very different thing from permitting ourselves to be overcast by the shadow of an unappeasable melancholy. Life has its pathos, but faith has its power, and in the encounter faith ought to rise victorious.

Things which Make for Sadness

Let me speak, therefore, of the things which tend to produce this acquiescence in an all-pervading sadness.

First, I wish to exclude the sadness which is only the reflex of physical depression. There is a terrible trial in the power which bodily ailments have over the mind. Some diseases do not affect the spirits. "There are people," writes Sir Lauder Brunton, "who ought to be happy, for they are successful in life; they have no pressing cares; their

homes are comfortable, and they are surrounded by loving friends; and yet, in spite of all, they feel low, melancholy and miserable. Here the condition of depression is obviously in the organism, and not in its surroundings." He then points out some of the causes of this depression. It may be due to a disordered liver; it may be due to subtle poisoning—to gloomy rooms, to sewer gas, or to arsenic in a wall paper.

It is quite clear that our duty is to seek out the cause of our depression. A doctor will perhaps help us; proper sanitary conditions may remove the cause; the light-excluding blinds which are sometimes thought fashionable can be dispensed with; proper exercise can be taken; a wiser and more wholesome diet can be adopted. Remembering such simple things as these, one is tempted to ask whether Christian people realise their duty in regard to little things; there is a feeling that the things of the spirit are so much more than things of the flesh that time spent on material conditions is so much time lost to the kingdom of God. But this is a great error: it is a refusal to recognise the providential order; it is another way of defying the laws of God; it is not a wholesomely Christian attitude of mind. Jesus Christ recognised the claims of the body. He revered the natural conditions of life. He would not have the people sent to their homes unfed (Mark viii. 2, 3). The exaltation of spirit which had for the time lifted them above the thought of food would be followed by reaction, by hysteria, and perhaps by hallucination; He commanded that the people should be fed. In the same way He took thought for the little maiden whom He called back from the gates of the grave; He commanded that something should be given her to eat. He would not suffer those unnatural conditions to arise which could not fail to follow, if, after the exhaustion of an illness and the excitement of recovery, no support was

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given her; and so, ever thoughtful of men's humbler needs, He ordered her food.

These cases teach us that it is no part of Christian duty, even under the plea of spiritual fervour or preoccupation, to ignore the laws which govern our nature. The body is a good servant but a bad master; it becomes a bad master when it is disordered either by passion, by indulgence, or by neglect; it ought not to be forgotten that some of the baser passions leap into unnatural vigour in a disordered or neglected body; when the machine works rightly we are hardly conscious of its needs; it is disorder of one kind or another which wakens an abnormal sense of ourselves, of our desires and of our sufferings.

Hence, over the body, vigilance, fitting food and not overmuch. "More people in this country shorten their lives by over-eating than by starvation," says Sir Lauder Brunton. For the body's sake—and so for the soul's sake—exercise, light, simple diet, and healthy surroundings as far as possible. Good spirits come back with the sun; a sun-bath given to patients in a hospital quickened their recovery. This fact is a parable in little.

Let In the Light

Yes, a parable in little. Let in the light; bask in the sunshine, and perhaps our depression may leave us; the melancholy which broods over some good souls may be exchanged for that joy which marked the earliest, freshest days of Christian discipleship. For Christianity is the religion of joy and hope.

Secondly, all depression is not due to physical causes. I know the many things which touch the heart and which are not traceable to any bodily derangement. Life has its cares, its disappointments, its bereavements. Let us look at some of them, and see whether there is not balm in Gilead, or healing in the wings of that Sun of righteousness which has risen for all time above the things of time.

There are cares—the little fretting cares—harder to deal with than the big sorrows of life. The need for small economies which seem to rob us of self-respect, and to impair our generous impulses. I am not speaking of hard,

grinding poverty, but of those continual anxieties which beset the path of the careful housewife and the patient breadwinner. How wearing and worrying are those cares!

The Disappointments of Life

There are the disappointments of life—disappointments which concern ourselves, or disappointments which others—perhaps our dear ones—yes, our dearest—may bring us. There is the hard-working man who has laboured, sustained by the hope that after a time some easier post may be his, but is obliged to stay where he is. There is the successful man, whose ambition has been stirred, has set his hope upon some post of honour or distinction, but is left aside unnoticed. There is the father, who has dreamed of his son's career, who has stinted himself to give him the best education and the most advantageous start in life, but who finds after all that the son is resolved to emigrate. There are the parents who have fondly hoped that the boy will follow his father's calling, but who learn later that the lad wishes otherwise. The pious father and mother have prayed that their lad will give himself to missionary work, but the young man shows other aims and ambitions. These all have had their glorious dreams for their children; but the young men, grown to full age, dissipate the parental dreams, choose their own line of life, and the future, painted so splendidly and lovingly by tenderly anxious hope, becomes to the father and mother cloudy and doubtful.

There are bereavements. The old people go, and the sheltering wall of the generation before ours goes down, and we feel that we lie open to the cold winds of the world, unsheltered by the warm walls of the early home. The golden bond of wedded life is broken by death. The widower finds himself paralysed by the loss and bewildered with the care of the little, motherless children which gather round the chilled table and look with awestruck wonder at the unfathomable sadness of their father's face. The widow feels herself unprotected; the band which held the home together has broken; a painful sense of weakened power, of loneliness, and of the roughness of the outer world possesses her. She looks

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anxiously into the faces of her children and with glances of wordless sorrow bespeaks the support of her boys and the sympathy of her girls, which, alas! they are as yet too young to give. Or, again, father and mother face one another in wordless sorrow, for the dear lad whose young years were so full of promise and who had just left home to enter on his life of training, is mysteriously smitten down, and the light and hope has gone from the house. But why recite these bereavements? We all know them. Our hearts have throbbed with heart-breaking memories as we have read the familiar lines:—

"We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
We grieve for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All to the wallflower and the pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee.
And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, what'er it seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, everywhere."

Cares, disappointments, bereavements—these make up the pathos of life. In all the heart is involved. Cares threaten to kill it, disappointments to sour it, and bereavements to break it. Great calamities which come with startling suddenness bring with them a grim interest; they arouse inquiry, they stir pity; but these common troubles of life are with us always. They tend to bring upon us a lowering of life, inducing morbid thoughts, melancholy forebodings and cynical utterances.

The Religion of Joy

But life is education. We, called to bear its discipline and profit by its training, must not yield to these influences. The Christian character, according to our Lord, is one against which the wind, storm and rain beat in vain. It is founded, like a well-built house, on the rock. "Now," said the poor, brave man robbed of his loved one, "now is the time to show myself a Christian." Sometimes as we mark the signs of sorrow which are flaunted forth at our funerals, when we mark the careworn, irritable, and sour

faces of Christian people, we are tempted to ask whether we have not forgotten our faith. Gordon could not tolerate such a melancholy religion; he wished to see no more of the "cruet-stand" expression in Christian countenances.

We admit the pathos of life as we acknowledge its seriousness, but Christ's religion is the religion of joy. Do we not hear the reiteration of the word "joy" in the New Testament? It sounds like a glad bell in our hearts as we read. In these wondrous chapters of Christ's farewell words to His disciples, seven times the word is spoken. His message is one of joy. He speaks to His friends that their joy might be full (John xv. 11). He tells them of sorrow awaiting them, but it is a sorrow which will be turned into joy (John xvi. 20). He bids them pray, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John xvi. 24). But the joy which He desires for them is *His* joy. He does not ask for them the shallow and unsubstantial joys which depend upon some passing fortune or some superficial emotion. He desires for them the changeless, eternal joy, which He knew. "These things I speak in the world, that they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves" (John xvii. 13).

His prayer was not in vain. The tragic hours of Gethsemane and Calvary passed; the Cross was endured; out of the tomb came the new risen and triumphant life of men. He whispered the magic words of Peace to his startled disciples. And behold, a peace which passeth understanding entered into the hearts of a great company of men, and out of peace came joy. The man who carried the Gospel message into Europe and translated it into a form which has appealed for centuries to the souls of men, spoke with fervent faith of the link which bound joy and peace together in Christian hearts. "We have peace with God." Christian life is a recognised harmony between the heart and God. Men dreaded the mighty Maker of all things. Jesus Christ came and taught men that God was to be loved and trusted. He taught them to pray "Our Father." It is a small matter if pagan or Jewish teachers used the word beforehand. Jesus Christ consecrated its use, and more, He

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made the word the pivot of His teaching; He filled it with living and true meaning; God was not the great and terrible power of the universe; He was the Father of men; He watched over men; He provided; He loved; He would supply their needs. Men might fear God because of His power, but not when the power was in the Father's hands; men might fear God because of their sins, but no sinning soul could turn to Him without finding a welcome.

"This my son was dead and is alive again." What was his deadness? Whence was his life again? His deadness was when he was away from his father, away from the home-roof, and away in heart amid the empty riot of a far-off city. His death was his heart alienation; his new life was his home-coming, his realising what his father was to him; his new life was the restored harmony which began in the son's heart when he felt that the best thing in life was the thing he had flung away but which now was his again—the joy of being, though unworthy, his father's son.

His father's son! and life is education. Life here on earth is for none of us a completed thing; it is only education towards completeness. We need to be constantly on our guard against expecting more from life than in our childhood we expected from the schoolroom. Our childhood had its joys, but it had also its tasks and its tears; but in later life we reaped the fruit in our powers of concentration, in the development of will, in the habit of subjugating our emotions.

And life is for us still the schoolroom: we still have our joys, but also our tasks and our tears. Are they greater or worse than those of our past childhood? They seem greater; they are perhaps cast in larger and more important scale; but the sorrows of our childhood were very great; we felt as though our hearts would break. We smile now at the exaggeration of grief which marked our childhood. May it not be that when we pass out of this schoolroom into the greater home we shall smile as we think of the anguish of heart which life's troubles brought us in the days of our education on earth?

Further, when we were children we hardly realised what the words, Father,

love, education, meant; but later life has taught us something of the depth, splendour and value of these terms. Can we not make use of the experience which has shown us how real these words are, and take up our life with the courage and confidence which this experience warrants?

Cares—yes, they fret, but we may cast our care on Him Who careth for us. Disappointments—yes, they are real enough, but are we to choose our tasks or our studies? Does not the wise Father choose best for us the lessons we are to learn and the work we have to do? The measure of the value of the work we do is not in its pleasantness to ourselves, but in its place in God's plan, and in its reflex benefit to our character. Bereavements—yes, they leave the heart empty; but if life is education, and if death be promotion from the schoolroom to the nearer home-life, shall we not rejoice in thinking of those who have been called into the nearer circle and given some better work for which life's education has fitted them?

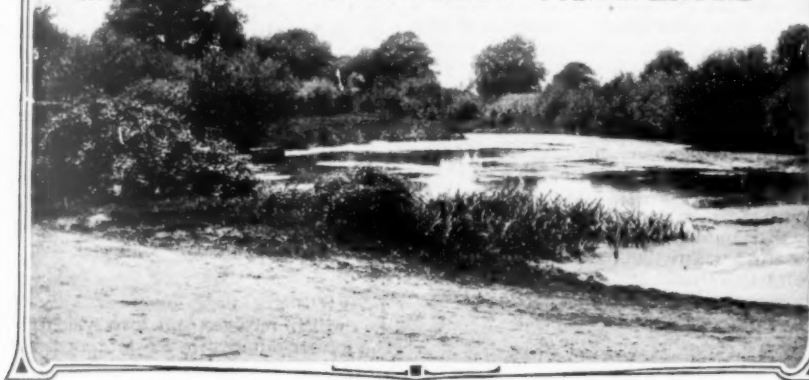
The Silver Thread of Faith

The faith that life is education brings, or ought to bring, to us a quick sense of the harmony of our souls with God. We should be established in trust; we should cease to be anxious about ourselves; we should catch the spirit of the true Son of God, Who found it His meat and drink to do the Father's will.

With this spirit, which is love that trusts and love that longs to be of service, quieter and tenderer feelings will be ours. Peace of heart will lessen the pressure of care; trust will arm us with contentment against disappointment; bereavement will make our hearts overflow with the longing to comfort them that are in any affliction through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God (2 Cor. i. 4).

In the tangle of life we may be perplexed; it is a labyrinth in which we may easily lose our way; but the sense of being at one with our Father—the peace with God in Christ—the quietness which accepts life as education—will put into our hands the silver thread which, grasped with confidence, will lead us in safety to the land of righteousness—the home of our Father in heaven.

BESIDE *the* STILL WATERS



Life's Gift

I ASKED from Life the fairest gift on earth,
Meaning a heart on fire with truest love,
A tender love that would make all things
worth

By its own flame, descended from above.

*Life gave me Love—the love I craved most,
And with it came a deeper longing yet,
But I—I did not value it enough,
And so my next request was to forget.*

*Even so Life brings to some her best in store,
While others crave for but a little smile,
And those that have will always long for more,
Nor rest content with what they have awhile.*

ARIEL.



An Acquired Virtue

A SUNSHINY disposition is a gift from God. There are many whose minds are filled with gloomy thoughts, and who look on the dark side of everything. Such people cannot radiate sunshine until they fill their minds with brighter, happier thoughts. This is not an easy matter, for when gloomy thoughts receive encouragement to remain it is hard to displace them with more cheerful ones. . . . If we go persistently to work to cultivate a sunshiny disposition our efforts will at length be rewarded, and we shall be the possessor of a brightness and cheeriness scarcely distinguishable from that bestowed as a natural

GRIGGS.

Go Higher

THERE is nothing more beautiful in God's world than a young man or young woman entering upon life with a firm resolve to rise above all that is little and unworthy of an immortal soul, and spend their lives amid good thoughts, good deeds, and good events. The great need to-day among the masses of young people is higher ideals. "Go higher," is God's call to all. Character is like the unfinished picture on the easel. We must not let it lie too long without some fresh, vital touch, or we shall lose the inspiration of our ideal. A rich life is not a thing of a moment. A golden character is not the product of an elevated temperature and a thunderstorm. All great characters have been formed as the result of long-continued effort. Spasmodic advances will never ensure ripeness of character. We must "Go higher." Our aims must ever be upward. The true ideal is found in Christ. Slowly, yet surely, we may advance toward it, until, by and by, we shall stand forth in His likeness.



The Duty of Giving Comfort

IT is the mission of Christian people to be comforters of others in their sorrow. Yet too many Christians who go to their friends in the time of bereavement are anything but comforters. They go with a certain kind of sympathy, but it is a weak, almost hopeless, sympathy. They sit down by the sorrowing ones, listen to their story

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of grief, talk with them about the sad phases of their sorrow, thus taking them down into the darkest shadows. Then they turn away with a few more sad words and leave them in the depths. Miserable comforters, indeed, are these people! When we go to those who are in sorrow we should rather carry to them the strong consolations of God's Word. We should not linger with them upon the sad phases of the experience through which they are passing; but should turn their thoughts to the promises of God, to the truth of immortality, and thus lift them out toward strength and rejoicing. The word "comfort" means to give strength; and we should always try to make our friends stronger, that they may be better able to carry their burden of sorrow. Trouble should never crush a Christian; on the other hand, the Christian should rejoice in God, and sing songs in the night.—REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.



A Question and its Answer

IS there no answer to the prayer and longing?

Is there no ending to the battle strife?

*No respite from the cares that, daily thronging,
Cling round the soul, embittering the life?*

*Is there no haven where the traveller, weary,
Forgets at last his trouble and his care?*

*No place of refuge where, no longer dreary,
The aching heart forgets its dull despair?*

*Yes! there is rest for hearts that, still believing,
Press on with dauntless step to reach the goal,*

*Till they at last, the Father's throne perceiving,
Shall hear His voice of welcome to the soul:*

*"Child of My love, the battle strife is ended,
The years of ceaseless toil have passed away,*

*And thou, for evermore from sin defended,
Shall dwell with Me in everlasting day."*

FRANK H. ELGIE.



The Fullest Life

OFF, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A Thought for Darkest Hours

TRIALS and triumph are sometimes very near together. This should be an encouragement to us in times that seem specially dark. It is a familiar adage that "the darkest hour of the night is just before day." Old Thomas Fuller puts this thought more pleasantly and preciously when he says, "Lord, I read of my Saviour that, when He was in the wilderness, then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him. A great change in a little time. No twilight betwixt night and day. No purgatory condition betwixt hell and heaven, but instantly, when out devil, in angel." If things just now seem darkest to us, we may confidently look, in faith, for the coming day.



THERE are two kinds of love—love which receives and love which gives. The former rejoices in the sentiment which it inspires and the sacrifice which it obtains; the second delights in the sentiment which it experiences and the sacrifice which it makes.—MONOD.



Write a Letter

HAVE you a friend who is in trouble—or careworn? Write a letter to that friend. It will bring cheer in the time of need. Said a gentleman one day when calling on a lady whose husband was lying very ill in the hospital, in the waiting-room of which the wife daily sat anxiously awaiting news of her husband's condition: "I am sorry I could not call before, but it has seemed impossible." "But," replied the lady, "you have written me two letters," and she smiled the appreciation she felt for the slight attention.

Take a few moments—write a word of hopefulness—avoid words that convey sorrow—let the letter be cheerful, bright, and buoyant in tone. Let it show a thoughtfulness for the sorrowful one, and it will bring into a darkened heart a ray of sunshine, a ray of hope. Write a letter.—HENRY TAYLOR GRAY.



Recipe for Misery

IF you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—C. KINGSLEY.

Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER XIV

WORK AND WAITING

AT the end of six weeks' work, Beth Elliot made a careful review of her progress. Considering her work as an experiment, could it honestly be called a success? She studied the question in various ways, firstly from the point of ethics, as justifying her own existence in a world which had need of honest, well-directed work; secondly, from the point of view of happiness—her own happiness and that of her clients; lastly and solemnly, from the point of view of finance! From the first and second standpoints she could answer whole-heartedly in the affirmative. Without doubt she had been of help; without doubt her efforts had made for comfort, for cleanliness, for cheer; without doubt also she herself had been happy, despite the cheerlessness of her Institution home, the absence of home comforts and the presence of a weary, over-tired body. Comfort, as she had known it in her quiet, well-ordered Liverpool home, no longer existed, but on the other hand she was living as she had never lived before, with body, heart, and mind; with an overflowing vitality which seemed to brace anew every nerve and muscle. Then came the third question, the all-important question of finance; and here, alas! the answer was not so cheerful, for the proceeds of the six weeks had fallen short of providing mere board and lodging, to say nothing of the manifold extras which the freckled girl had so truly foretold. Once a week Mr. Reece had arranged for what he persisted in describing as "a shilling's worth of dust"; three times a week a more agreeable hour was spent arranging flowers for Mrs. Fanshawe; and for three whole weeks the four shillings so earned had represented Beth's entire income, supplemented by such small saving as an occasional tea or lunch.

What a strange and new sensation it was to look upon an invitation to a meal as a help to the pocket, and to positively gloat over the saving of sixpence! During those lean weeks Beth did not allow herself a late dinner after the luxury of a solid lunch;

she sat upstairs in her room, munched chocolate, and told herself ruefully that even the soothing balm of ultimate benefit to the "figger" was denied her, since chocolate was undeniably more fattening than meat!

At the beginning of the second month the General Helper made a fresh effort in the sending out of a hundred more circulars, and a sudden briskening of work had ensued. One tenant had telephoned, summoning her in hot haste, and had sent her flying to the other end of the city to arrange a dispute about a tradesman's bill—a matter which had become so unpleasant that she was plainly thankful to pay six shillings to put the onus on other shoulders than her own. Another day also Beth was summoned in the same way by an unknown tenant, and had arrived to find a newly made widow sitting alone in the midst of her desolation. But a few weeks before she had left her American home to take up life in the great metropolis, and now, like a bolt from the blue, death had laid waste the home, leaving her alone in a strange land. For three days Beth waited like a sister upon this poor woman, attacking unassisted the dreary hunt for mourning, the endless letter writing, the interviewing of tradesmen bent on painful errands. Herself an utter stranger, she was suddenly called upon to play the part of buffer between a suffering woman and the world, and she threw herself, heart and soul, into the enterprise, not content merely to carry out definite instructions, but striving to think ahead, and to provide for needs which had not been specified. At the end of her three days she had the satisfaction of work well done, and her employer's thanks were tearful in their sincerity.

"I wish I could afford to pay you ten times as much! It would be little enough for the comfort you have been."

That was good hearing, and sent Beth heartened upon her way. The new client was, it was true, returning to America with all possible speed, so that no further commissions could be expected from that quarter; but by this time Beth was begin-

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ning to realise that her new employment promised to be decidedly erratic in nature. Very few people appeared to need regular weekly help, and when they did, they were not prepared to pay her terms; but, on the other hand, it seemed probable that almost every member of the community would from time to time pass through periods of stress or strain, when her help would be little short of a godsend. There would be lean weeks when she would earn but a few shillings; fat weeks when she would be not only fully employed, but boarded into the bargain; weeks when no one wanted her; weeks when, in the contrariety of fate, half a dozen people clamoured for her at one and the same time!

"And the moral is 'When things are slack, don't despair and get ready for the workhouse forthwith, for the good time is just waiting round the corner; and when the corner is turned, don't boast, and wax vainglorious, or, as sure as fate, the lean time will be on you again before you can say Jack Robinson!'" said Beth to herself with a laugh, and a shrug of the shoulders.

As if in illustration of these axioms, one day when there was an absolute lack of engagements upon the slate, the second post brought a letter from a certain Mrs. Montague, writing from an address in far-off Kensington, expressing a wish to engage Miss Elliot for temporary secretarial duties, and requesting her presence at three o'clock the same afternoon. Beth told herself gleefully that such an application proved that her fame was spreading, for it could have been instigated by a personal recommendation alone. Punctual to the minute she presented herself at the house, to find that her work consisted of nothing more strenuous than the writing of the endless letters which demand a society lady's attention. The library table was littered with notes of invitation, on the backs of which were scribbled the words "Refuse" or "Accept"—while a sheaf of printed advertisements of a charity bazaar were also waiting to be addressed.

Mrs. Montague was an elegant, fragile-looking woman, who was evidently far too much engrossed in her own affairs to have any interest to waste upon an insignificant working girl. Her pale blue eyes hardly rested for the fraction of a second on Beth's face as she waved her forward to the desk.

"I have a hundred engagements this afternoon, and must positively fly. Will

you kindly write one acceptance and one refusal, and let me see if they are satisfactory? I'll be back in just a moment."

She fluttered out of the room—fluttered back, and ran her eyes rapidly over the written sheets.

"Quite good—quite! Quite a nice hand. Finish them all, please, and then go through this address book, and send one of these notices to every address marked with a cross. Write at the end of each, 'With Mrs. Montague's love. Do come!' Penny stamps, please. In the brass box. Post them all as you leave; and if I'm not back, come to-morrow at the same hour. I must positively fly—"

Mrs. Montague proved a valuable patron, and, one by one, three other ladies in the same neighbourhood were added to Beth's list of patrons before the end of the month. It seemed curious that none of these women were acquainted with each other, and such tentative inquiries as Beth ventured to make as to the manner in which her services had been advertised, failed in each case to elicit any definite reply. It really seemed as if some unknown friend were secretly working on her behalf, and that the applications which had so mysteriously arrived were the outcome of a wholesale personal campaign. Who in the name of miracles could it be! The problem lent an element of excitement to days which would otherwise have been somewhat long and dreary; but no amount of thinking brought a solution of the mystery.

With the lovely Mrs. Fanshawe, as the most regular of her clients, Beth naturally was on the most friendly terms, and her interest and curiosity continued to increase. Sometimes the young wife seemed almost feverishly gay and happy, but for the greater part she was in much the same mood as that in which Beth had seen her first, depressed and anxious, with the puzzled, helpless wonder of a child.

She was indeed far more of a child than a woman, a beautiful, sweet-hearted, ignorant child, who had been taken out of the sphere in which she had been born, and placed in a strange world, where, as it seemed, she was left alone, to sink or swim as chance might decree. "Guy" seemed to be constantly away; constantly out in the evening even when he was domiciled at home; the flashes of gaiety chronicled the days when he was expected to remain with his wife, but even on those rare occasions a



"She fluttered out of the room—fluttered back, and ran her eyes rapidly over the written sheets."

subsequent depression seemed to prove that reality had not come up to expectation. It could evidently not be called a happy marriage, though the wife transparently adored her husband, and the husband must have cared deeply indeed, to have made a marriage so entirely out of his social sphere. Beth longed to see Guy Fanshawe in the flesh, and a day came when her desire was fulfilled. She was standing beside the oak table, arranging a profusion of flowers which had been laid out in readiness for her arrival, and chatting meantime to Mrs. Fanshawe, who was lolling in her usual idleness on a couch. Beth had grown to feel it as much her duty to talk as to work on these occasions, avoiding mere chit-chat, and choosing her subjects on the powder-in-the-jam principle, so that perchance a little instruction might outlive the moment's distraction. It had seemed to her that there might easily be a dearth of interests between the young couple, for Mrs. Fanshawe's ignorance was almost as striking as her

beauty. The mere commonplaces of literary and political life were unknown to her; she never appeared to read, or to make any attempt at self-cultivation, nevertheless her repeated assertion "I am so stupid!" was incorrect, for her comments had occasionally a shrewdness as naive as unexpected.

On the present occasion Beth was arranging sprays of early roses in a tall, glass column, and trying to arouse her companion's interest in some of the best books of the year, and a tall, dark man strode into the room. A glance showed him to be the original of the portrait, even before his wife had leapt to her feet with a cry of welcome. He looked worried and irritable, and not too pleased to find a third occupant in the room. He bowed to Beth with frigid politeness, and turned hastily towards his wife.

"Flora! That telegram I asked you to send yesterday? Did you forget? I have wasted the whole morning hanging about for a reply."

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"No, Guy; I sent it. I went myself to make sure."

"But there must have been a muddle somehow! Perhaps you gave a wrong hour—confused the message. You remember once before—"

"Yes; but I *was* careful this time. I wrote it out directly you left. I have the copy here in my desk. Will you look?"

He took the paper without a word; frowned over it, and tossed it aside.

"Of course, if you are sure. But Moffat has never missed an appointment before. I must give him another hour. Order lunch half an hour earlier, please. I will have it 'at home.'"

Beth looked quickly across the room, hoping to catch Mrs. Fanshawe's eye and flash a silent message to the effect that her own invitation for the forthcoming meal should be cancelled, but to her surprise the announcement was made in a clear and steady voice:

"Miss Elliot has promised to stay, too, so we shall be three to-day."

Mr. Fanshawe started, but quickly recovered his self-control. It was evident to Beth's quick sensibilities that the arrangement was not to his taste, but having been brought up in a school which counts rudeness as the most deadly of sins, he valiantly subdued all signs of disapproval.

"That is very kind. It will be an additional pleasure."

Beth acknowledged the compliment with a smile; a calm, cool, infinitely self-possessed little smile, at sight of which Mr. Fanshawe cast a keen glance across the room. Evidently his conception of the "little flower girl" underwent a change in that momentary glance, but he made no further remark, and soon took himself off into another room.

When lunch was served Beth took a mischievous delight in completing the impression already made. The calm dignity of manner at which Cynthia was wont to smile, had never been more delicately marked; the quiet aptness of her remarks, her low, musical laugh, the dainty movements of the small white hands, were brought into play with conscious enjoyment, and each in turn received its due meed of approval, until at the end of the second course the last barrier of reserve had fallen, and Guy Fanshawe was talking to the "little flower girl" with an air of frank ease and enjoyment. Flora had impressed upon him

once and again that her new friend was a lady—"a reel lady!"—but unfortunately Flora's word did not count for much in such respects. The girl was an artist in the arrangement of flowers, and as such was worth her pay, but it was a revelation to him to discover a dainty, well-bred little lady acting so humble a rôle. He studied her curiously beneath his drooped eyelids the while they chatted lightly on the subjects of the day, and Mrs. Fanshawe looked on with wide, lovely eyes, transparently rejoicing in her husband's amiability, yet with a touch of wistfulness which went to Beth's heart. It must be hard to sit by and see a stranger sympathise in her husband's tastes as she herself could not attempt to do. Beth was quite rejoiced when at last came a question to which she could not reply, and which gave herself an opportunity of drawing her hostess into the conversation.

"I am afraid I really know nothing about the pictures in that exhibition. I have been only a few weeks in town, and have seen comparatively little. I come from the provinces, like Mrs. Fanshawe. Country cousins seem very much 'out of things' to the born Londoner, but we have the laugh on our side at the end, for we are so much more thorough and enterprising in our sight seeing. At the end of another year your wife and I will probably put you to the blush!"

Guy Fanshawe looked across the table into his wife's eyes, and as he did so his dark face softened, and there passed between the two one of those shaft-like messages of love-lit understanding which leave the beholder apart in a desert of loneliness. Even sane, whole-hearted Beth felt a pang at the sight, and something approaching resentment at the thought of the anxiety which she had wasted on this happy pair. Yet the fact remained that the young wife lived in a state of almost continual depression, and the present exhilarating effect of that smile and glance seemed to prove that it came as a rare experience. What could be the rift within the lute which threatened to still the music of life?

Alas! before the end of the meal the explanation was painfully demonstrated, for, encouraged by her husband's amiability, Mrs. Fanshawe plunged boldly into the conversation, and hopelessly came to grief!

"My husband is very fond of *alfresco* pictures, aren't you, Guy?" she asked eagerly, and with an air of child-like satisfaction in

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having mastered a difficult lesson, which it seemed brutal to damp. Beth glanced hurriedly at her plate, but she felt rather than saw the stiffening of the husband's figure, while the tones of his voice as he replied were as the fall of hail on a summer day.

"Are you speaking of the pictures in the church which I visited last week? They were exceedingly interesting."

Mrs. Fanshawe drew a short, frightened breath. The radiance faded from her face.

Here, demonstrated before her eyes, was an instance of the almost inevitable friction and irritation which must arise when a proud, highly-educated man marries a girl of the people. For an hour love had seemed to span all differences, but though love still lived, it was no longer as a blinded god, but with eyes and ears keenly awake to the presence of a hundred hitherto unregarded shortcomings!

The mispronunciation of a word, a letter too many here, a letter too few there, a



"It was a revelation to him to discover a dainty, well-bred little lady acting so humble a rôle."

"Yes—the alfresco pictures on the walls. You told me about them. I said we had a many like them in our church at home."

"Indeed! I had not the pleasure of seeing them. Are you going out this afternoon, Flora? You ought not to stay so much in the house in this bright weather."

Mr. Fanshawe pointedly turned the conversation, and Beth tried her best to step into the breach and carry on a light, impersonal chatter until the end of the meal.

society custom neglected, a shibboleth abused—such trivial things they seemed, to wreck two lives which, in all great things, were yet truly one. Beth indulged in a young girl's lofty scorn of a man who refused to pay the price of his own deliberate act; in a warm-hearted sympathy for the young wife conscious of her own shortcomings, pitifully, painfully anxious to be all that her husband desired, yet as unable to understand him as a child to converse in

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Greek! As she drove westward along the busy streets a great ambition dawned in the mind of the "General Helper," a great longing to step into the breach and prevent it from widening beyond the reach of help. To safeguard love; to protect a home; what greater work could there be? If she succeeded in this alone, her enterprise would be abundantly justified. It was a great task to undertake, and at the moment Beth's ideas as to action were perfectly vague; but she knew herself to be waiting and ready, if perchance the opportunity should be vouchsafed.

It was a hot afternoon, one of those sudden foretastes of summer which, interspersed between periods of biting north wind, are so exhausting a feature of an English spring. Beth felt tired and faint; a growing sense of depression fell over her spirits, and cast its shadow over the whole mental landscape. She felt no longer a champion of womankind, a female knight-errant riding forth valiantly to the fight, but just a tired, lonely girl, alone in London, selling her youth for a shilling an hour; sitting alone in her room for days on end, because no one in the great city coveted her help even at that poor price! She looked at other girls bowling past in luxurious carriages, and contrasted her own life with theirs. In imagination she followed them home, saw them welcomed, caressed, adored; rich not only in material benefits, but in love also. It was unusual for Beth to wax sentimental, and she asked herself angrily what had happened to upset her equilibrium so completely. "It's so unreasonable to have been moralising for the last hour on the dangers and difficulties of matrimony, and then to be seized with an attack of 'no one to love me,' like a romantic schoolgirl. What is the matter? What *has* happened? Why have I descended into the depths without a moment's warning?"

And then, as if in answer to the question, a picture arose in her mind. She was seated once more at a flower-decked table, looking on, while a young husband and wife smiled into each other's eyes. It was that glance, that electric glimpse into a mutual love, which had wrought this havoc with her peace. The jars and frets, the tragedy of misunderstanding were for the moment swept aside, and she could remember only the great central fact. Love, the woman's kingdom, had been demonstrated before her

eyes, and behold, the land in which she walked was blank and empty!

It was with a weary heart that Beth performed her secretarial duties that afternoon. As usual, Mrs. Montague had waited only to give a few hurried directions before rushing out on a round of gaieties, but there were some hundreds of notices of a drawing-room political meeting to be inscribed with the customary "Do come!" and sent off in addressed envelopes; monotonous, uninteresting work which had the additional disadvantage of leaving the mind free to dwell upon its own thoughts. Twenty-three, and alone in the world! An inmate of an institution, with no prospect save continued work and effort. Looked at ahead, the work of General Helper had appeared to hold out prospects of romance and adventure; but two months' experience seemed to prove that the romance, if it existed at all, was for the client, not the helper, while adventure had filtered down to the prose of such enterprises as dusting books and addressing envelopes. How long would youth last under such grey conditions? How soon would she look in the glass and behold her own face grey and lined like those others at which she gazed every day across the narrow tables? Beth wrote the last word on the last envelope, rose from the desk with a sigh, and prepared to leave the house. It was one of the big, handsome mansions standing back from the far end of Bayswater Road, and the sight of the richly furnished halls and staircases were a continual delight to Beth's beauty-starved eyes. Here was colour and warmth, instead of the bare severity of the Institution, with its whitewashed walls, its cocoanut matting—the ominous row of fire extinguishers at the bend of the stairs. Money, that elusive treasure for which the inmates strove and toiled, seemed here of no account, for on every side the eye rested on costly superfluities stowed in out-of-the-way corners, and the question of what things cost was obviously of infinite unimportance compared with the gratification of personal taste. As Beth stepped slowly down the wide staircase, her right hand slipping unconsciously along the velvet cord which did duty as banister, she was faced by a full length reflection of herself in an old Sheraton mirror which was fitted into a corner of the wall. She was wearing a black washing dress, a recent purchase made necessary by the warm spring weather. It had been

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ridiculously cheap, and in the judiciously shaded light of the show-room had appeared a very presentable garment. Alas! a fortnight's wear had made short work of that false beauty, the black had faded into a seedy brown, the wrinkles and creases refused to be ironed out, and grew more marked with every wearer. Beth might resolve solemnly never again to be tempted by cheap, ready-made garments, but the melancholy fact remained that the dress was bought, and must be worn, since a second could not be afforded out of her slender income. Her black hat also was useful rather than becoming, and her pallid cheeks added to the general dreariness of the effect. Beyond all doubt she looked an "Inmate" this afternoon! As she passed by the mirror on the wall Beth lifted her disengaged hand, and swept it gently, pitifully, across the surface of the mirror. "Poor You!" she said under her breath. "Poor, shabby, lonely little You!"

The whirl of an electric bell sounded through the house, and the butler advanced towards the front door. Beth drew her shoulders together in an involuntary shudder, for the sound seemed indissolubly connected with the memory of the night when it had heralded the tragedy of her life. A bell had pealed, she and Cynthia had looked up with eager eyes, to see the tall, handsome figure of Stamford Reid approaching across the hall. Beth could see now, as clearly as at that moment of unconsciousness, the fair, close-clipped head, the clear-cut features, the graceful figure. At this moment of depression the remembrance seemed to bring into it yet another pang. It had not been his fault that he had been the messenger of ill tidings, and how kind he had been afterwards, how concerned, how anxious to help! It was owing to him that she had attained what manner of success was hers, but when he had offered his help she had been curt and ungracious in her refusal. Cynthia had been angry, and had borne him away to console him by her own amiability. No doubt she was continuing the process; no doubt by now he was abundantly consoled. What man would trouble his head about Beth Elliot when Cynthia Charrington smiled approval?

The butler had pronounced the stereotyped "Not at home," received a card upon a silver tray, and was about to close the

door when Beth came swiftly forward, and passed by him into the street. The visitor had reached the end of the flight of steps leading into the garden space which separated the house from the busy street. He turned at the sound of the following footsteps, and raised his hat quickly from a fair, cropped head. Beth stood still, staring blankly at Stamford Reid himself.

CHAPTER XV

STAMFORD REID IN LONDON

BETH'S bewilderment was so great that it robbed her of the power of speech. She could only stand and stare, with dilated eyes, asking herself if this extraordinary apparition were the illusion of her brain; but when Stamford spoke and called her by name she awoke to the reality of the man's presence, and the consciousness that, extraordinary as it seemed, he showed little or no surprise at her appearance.

That he should have called at one house in the teeming city, and that that house should be the one which she happened to be leaving at that identical moment, did not appear to give him the least astonishment; his smile, his bow, his "Good afternoon, Miss Elliot," were as calm and unperturbed as though they had met in Sefton Park itself.

"Mr. Reid! It is really you! I thought you were in Liverpool!"

"I am up for a couple of days. It is fortunate to have met you. You are going home, I suppose. May I walk with you? Inside the Gardens will be quieter. Shall we cross over, and take the nearest path?"

Beth murmured something which did duty for assent, and presently they were crossing the road and entering Kensington Gardens by one of the smaller gates. The sun was still shining brilliantly, but a refreshing breeze had arisen, and the broad path was full of fashionable pedestrians, enjoying the pleasantest hour of the day. There were husbands and wives, prosperous and portly, sauntering along in the contented silence which is the privilege of old friends; there were younger couples chatting and smiling, and agreeably conscious of each other's presence; there were flocks of dainty, white-robed children. Almost invariably the direction taken was towards the west, so that Beth and her companion, turning cityward, ran the

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blockade of many eyes. As Beth recovered sufficiently from her surprise to become aware of her surroundings, she noticed a wonderful unanimity of expression upon the faces of those passing by. They looked at her; they looked at Stamford Reid; then incredulously, curiously turned their eyes on her once more, and seemed to wrestle with a mental problem.

Beth lifted her own eyes to the immaculately groomed figure by her side, recalled the dejected reflection in the Sheraton mirror, and understood too well the significance of that glance. "How did that man come to be walking with that girl?"

In a healthy normal mood she could have dismissed the criticism with a smile and a shrug, but to-day she was not normal, but depressed and sensitive, and the consciousness of disapproval robbed her of the last remnant of self-possession. It seemed that she had nothing to say, no remark to offer, nothing but monosyllabic replies to make to remarks addressed to herself. Once and again as they walked along the wide, gravelled path she felt her companion's eyes turned upon her in puzzled scrutiny, and each time she winced afresh, and shrank more persistently into her shell. Was he mentally echoing the question of the on-lookers, and marvelling how he had come to offer himself as escort to this insignificant girl in her rusty cotton garments? Such a thought had indeed never entered Stamford Reid's mind. His nature was somewhat dull and prosaic, but at least it bore no taint of the snob, and the pity in his eyes was not for Beth's clothes, but for her own sad and dejected air. He was oblivious of the cheap hat, but the pale gold of the coiled hair attracted his admiration as it had done on the evening of their first meeting; his heart stirred with a strange, swift pang of tenderness as he looked down upon the profile showing beneath the dark, curling brim. So young, so tired, so pitiful! It was hideous, unthinkable that a man should have been coward enough to leave this child alone to work and to suffer!

"Shall we sit down for a moment? There are so many people about this afternoon. It is difficult to talk."

Beth's slim form straightened haughtily. He was ashamed of being seen beside her; he wished to sit down so as to be less conspicuous to the curious eyes. No, indeed! she would not detain him a moment longer than was necessary.

"Thank you, but I must hurry home. I have no time to spare. If you will excuse me, I must go out through the next gate and take an omnibus."

"Not yet, surely not yet! Won't you walk as far as the Marble Arch? There is so much I wanted to ask, and we have had no time." His voice was insistent, his eyes held an eager, pleading expression which brought the blood to Beth's pale cheeks. Once more she stammered a vague assent, and they continued to wend their way along the crowded path. It was true that owing to the congested pathway connected conversation was wellnigh impossible; but even without that obstacle, Beth's persistent curtness must have damped any companion. Looking back upon that hour it appeared to herself that she had been possessed by two spirits which continually warred for mastery. One spirit was crying out in welcome to this embodiment of the dear, glad past; this handsome, courteous man who spoke in gentle tones, who looked at her with long, intent glances. Each time that the wayward spirit prompted the curt word, the ungracious silence, another voice spoke in Beth's heart, giving a different and softer answer; an answer which would have brought a smile to those watching eyes. When she had shortly refused the request to rest on a bench, imagination had immediately flashed a picture of her figure and his seated in the shadow of the trees, talking together, exchanging long, deep glances. She had stubbornly determined to take an omnibus from Lancaster Gate, yet her eyes scanned the paths ahead, grudging every yard that was paced, dreading the end.

"Miss Charrington said that you had not much to do, but that you liked your work so far as it had gone, and were happy in town; but—excuse me, you are looking very tired! Are you sure that you can stand the strain?"

"I should be a poor thing if I broke down in two months. I am quite well, Mr. Reid, and," she gulped over the words, "quite happy! Since I wrote to Miss Charrington I have had quite a boom—three new clients in a week. Mrs. Montague is one of them. How strange that she should happen to be a friend of yours!"

Stamford Reid made an inarticulate sound of assent, and Beth lifted her eyes in surprised inquiry, beheld a flush rising from beneath the high collar and spreading over



"They looked at her; they looked at Stamford Reid; then incredulously turned their eyes on her once more."

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the handsome face. His eyes were obstinately fixed in the opposite direction, so he did not see the sudden answering flush on her own cheeks, the sudden straightening of her back.

"And Mrs. Burford, and Mrs. Marshall? They both live far away from my field of action. I had sent no circulars to them. Are *they* also your friends?"

"I——" stammered Stamford helplessly. "I, yes!—I do know them. I thought—I intended——" He broke off, looking as embarrassed as if he had been discovered in an unpardonable offence, and Beth stared stonily ahead, while again the two selves fought for mastery. The unknown friend who had been working on her behalf was Stamford Reid himself! He had remembered, he had cared; despite her curt refusal of his services he had not been content to stand aside, but secretly, quietly had been at work interesting his friends on her behalf; exhorting them to silence, so that his name should not appear. If it had not been for the chance encounter to-day the secret would have remained unbroken. The heavy beatings of Beth's heart rose to her very ears, the smart of tears was in her eyes, but when she spoke the tones of her voice were chill and curt.

"I understand. You recommended me, I have to thank you for their patronage. I am exceedingly obliged!"

He looked at her sharply, and a cloud of offence darkened his brow. Beth did not wonder; he had been marvellously courteous; marvellously forbearing; it was not strange that this crowning ingratitude should exhaust his patience. She could have cried out to him to forgive her, to believe that her heart was overflowing with gratitude, but the words would not come; her lips refused to obey.

"I am afraid you think me officious. Perhaps I had no right to speak without your permission, but I had a stupid idea that I might be of use. You must try to forgive me. I will promise," he laughed shortly, "like the naughty little boy, 'never to do it again!'"

"Oh, but it was very kind. It has been most valuable." Beth tried valiantly to introduce a note of genuine enthusiasm into her voice, and was acutely conscious of her failure. "Mrs. Montague has sent for me five times already, and she seems so endlessly busy, that I hope I may often be needed. She is intensely interested in all

matters that concern women, and after addressing hundreds of envelopes, and begging as many people to attend a meeting, I feel that I must really go myself, and hear what is said. I am growing quite enlightened since I came up to town."

"I hope that doesn't mean that you are imbibing Mrs. Montague's suffragist sentiments! You don't seem to me the kind of girl to prate of women's wrongs."

Beth shrugged her shoulders, and made an eloquent little grimace.

"I live in an institution for working women, Mr. Reid! That's my best answer. Until the last two months I never realised the tragedy of some women's lives. There are some political injustices, of course—no one denies that at this hour of the day; but my complaint is not so much against the Government as the parents who allow their girls to drift aimlessly through their youth, without any training to help them to help themselves if the need arises. It is cruel and unjust. I never thought about it when I was at home, and all my girl friends were happy and prosperous like myself; but, if you could see the faces round the table at Mount Street!—the faces of the poor, hard-worked, underpaid women who have never been trained, but have had to begin to fight the world when they were growing old, without serving an apprenticeship, with no time to serve an apprenticeship, obliged to do anything that will bring in bread and butter with the least amount of delay! The parents, of course, took for granted that the girls would marry, and spent all their thought and money on training the boys; but such heaps of women *don't* marry, and what is to become of them then? Parents ought to provide as carefully for the girls' future as they do for the boys', and bring them up to feel that marriage is only a possibility, and not in the least to be counted on as a way out of every difficulty, or a necessity for happiness."

"You believe that a woman may be perfectly happy unmarried?"

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"Many women. Certainly! If they have congenial work to fill their lives. I didn't think so in the old days when Cynthia Charrington and I used to be so scornful on

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

the subject of strong-minded women, but lately my ideas have changed."

Yes! she was changed. The young man acknowledged the fact to himself with an inexplicable sinking of the heart. The present brief visit to town had been undertaken ostensibly for family reasons; but at the back of his mind had lain an insistent desire to meet again the girl whose life had crossed his own in so sudden and tragic a fashion. He would call upon Mrs. Montague in the late afternoon when there would be a chance of meeting her secretary, or at least of hearing news of her first hand. But this cold, self-contained, white-faced girl was not the Beth of his dreams, and she showed unmistakably that she had no need of his services. Stamford Reid's wounded pride took refuge in the remembrance of that other girl, whose eyes brightened in glad and lovely welcome at his coming; the dainty, graceful creature whom he instinctively associated with beautiful and luxurious surroundings. At that moment the thought of Cynthia was wonderfully consoling, and when he spoke there was unconsciously to himself an air of proud proprietorship in his voice.

"I am sure Miss Charrington has no desire for anything but a domestic life. She is a delightful specimen of an old-fashioned girl."

Beth's lip curled expressively. Stamford Reid had evidently failed to grasp Cynthia's restless, adventurous nature; but as she was at once too proud and too loyal to point

out the fact, she took refuge in silence for the few hundred yards which still remained to be traversed.

They passed out of the Park at Lancaster Gate and stood waiting on the pavement for the arrival of an omnibus to Victoria. Both remained silent and constrained, yet each was conscious that the moments which were passing were big with consequences for their future lives. The man was telling himself drearily that he had been a fool for his pains; this girl did not want him, had found it a penance to spend half an hour in his society. The girl was realising with equal dreariness that an opportunity of bringing a wonderful new interest into life had been placed in her hands, and perversely, wilfully, thrown aside. At that moment she had a clear insight into Stamford Reid's attitude towards herself. She divined that it had been primarily on her account that he had come to town, she knew that if she had smiled upon him he would have come again and again, but she could not smile.

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"He is going back," she told herself hopelessly—"back to Liverpool, and Cynthia!"

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN]



THE QUIVER

the handsome face. His eyes were obstinately fixed in the opposite direction, so he did not see the sudden answering flush on her own cheeks, the sudden straightening of her back.

"And Mrs. Burford, and Mrs. Marshall? They both live far away from my field of action. I had sent no circulars to them. Are *they* also your friends?"

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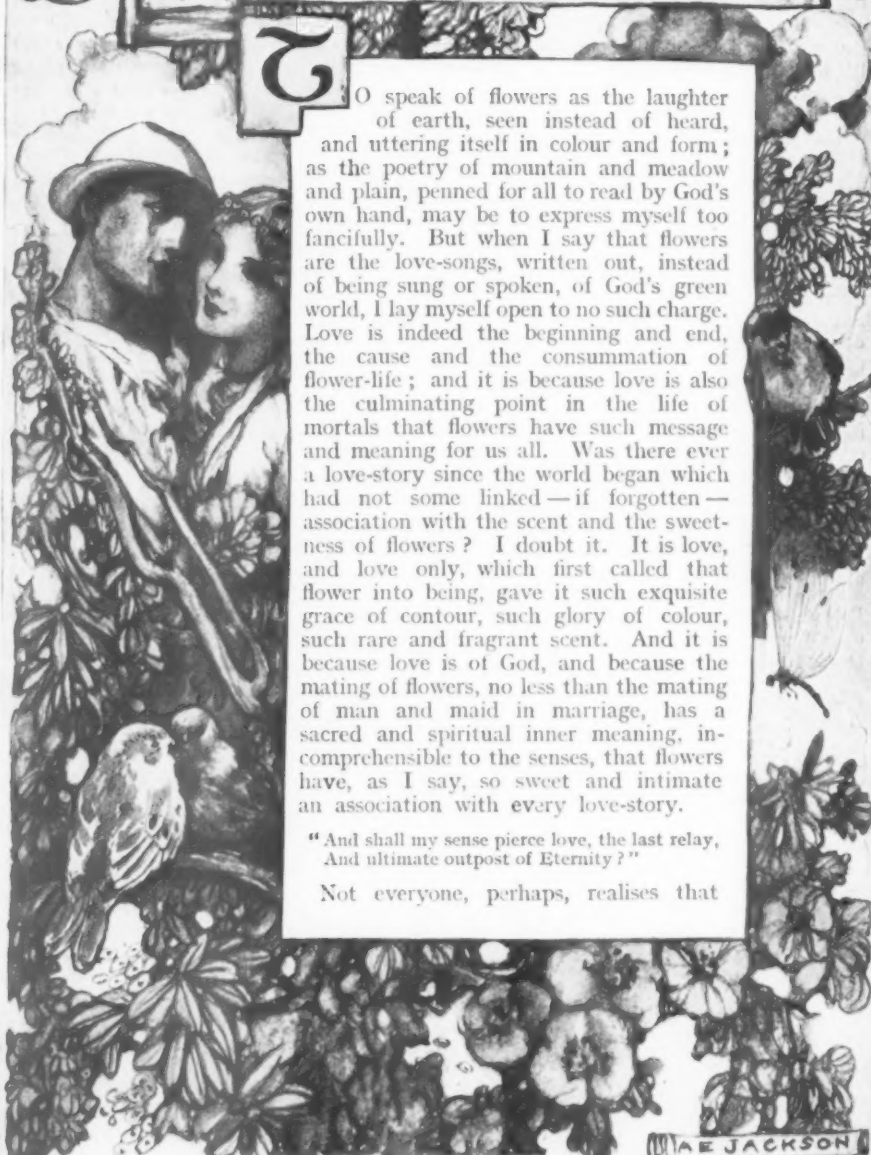
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NATURE'S LOVE SONGS

BY COULSON KERNAHAN

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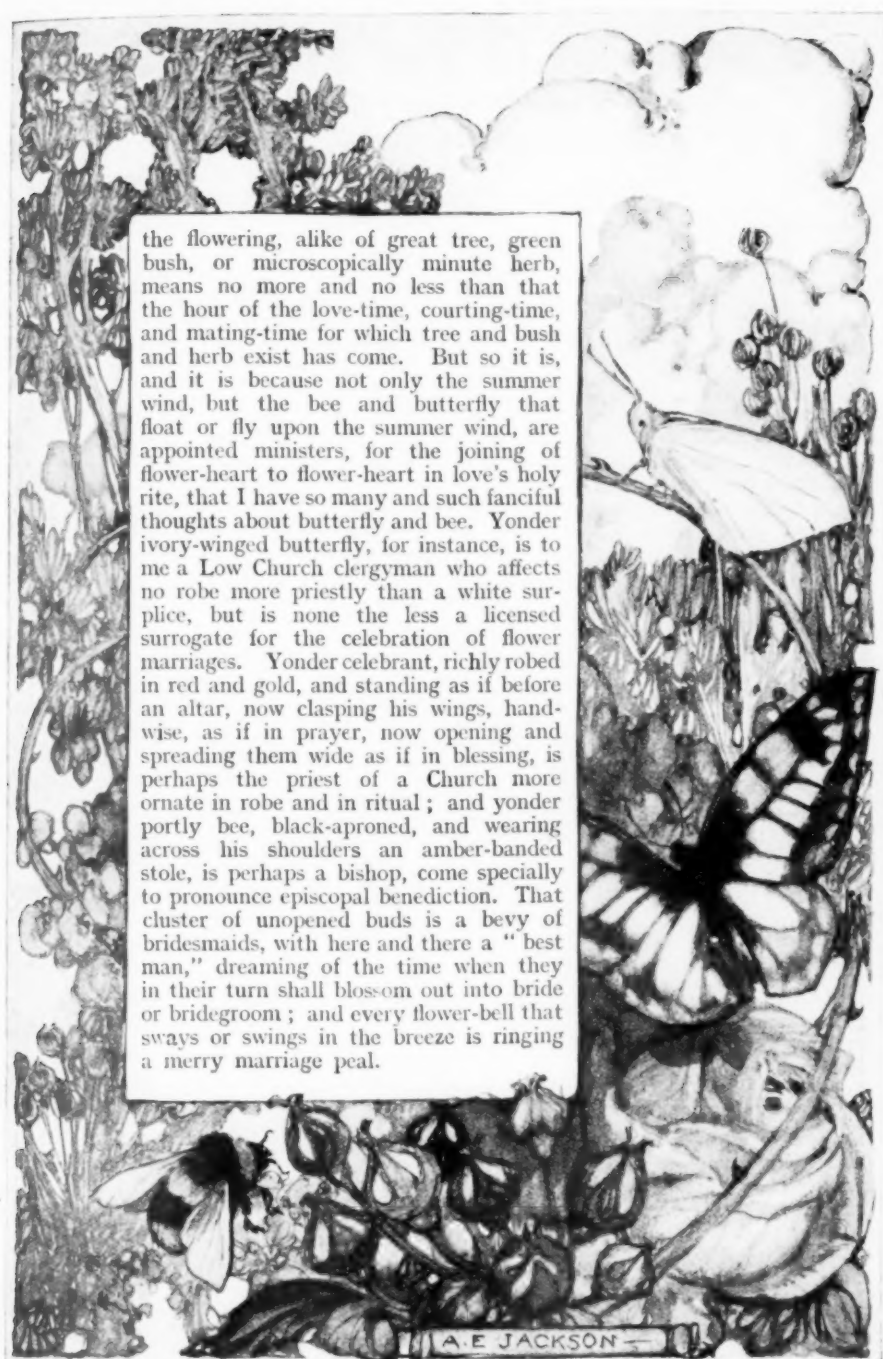


TO speak of flowers as the laughter of earth, seen instead of heard, and uttering itself in colour and form; as the poetry of mountain and meadow and plain, penned for all to read by God's own hand, may be to express myself too fancifully. But when I say that flowers are the love-songs, written out, instead of being sung or spoken, of God's green world, I lay myself open to no such charge. Love is indeed the beginning and end, the cause and the consummation of flower-life; and it is because love is also the culminating point in the life of mortals that flowers have such message and meaning for us all. Was there ever a love-story since the world began which had not some linked—if forgotten—association with the scent and the sweetness of flowers? I doubt it. It is love, and love only, which first called that flower into being, gave it such exquisite grace of contour, such glory of colour, such rare and fragrant scent. And it is because love is of God, and because the mating of flowers, no less than the mating of man and maid in marriage, has a sacred and spiritual inner meaning, incomprehensible to the senses, that flowers have, as I say, so sweet and intimate an association with every love-story.

"And shall my sense pierce love, the last relay,
And ultimate outpost of Eternity?"

Not everyone, perhaps, realises that

E. JACKSON



the flowering, alike of great tree, green bush, or microscopically minute herb, means no more and no less than that the hour of the love-time, courting-time, and mating-time for which tree and bush and herb exist has come. But so it is, and it is because not only the summer wind, but the bee and butterfly that float or fly upon the summer wind, are appointed ministers, for the joining of flower-heart to flower-heart in love's holy rite, that I have so many and such fanciful thoughts about butterfly and bee. Yonder ivory-winged butterfly, for instance, is to me a Low Church clergyman who affects no robe more priestly than a white surplice, but is none the less a licensed surrogate for the celebration of flower marriages. Yonder celebrant, richly robed in red and gold, and standing as if before an altar, now clasping his wings, hand-wise, as if in prayer, now opening and spreading them wide as if in blessing, is perhaps the priest of a Church more ornate in robe and in ritual; and yonder portly bee, black-aproned, and wearing across his shoulders an amber-banded stole, is perhaps a bishop, come specially to pronounce episcopal benediction. That cluster of unopened buds is a bevy of bridesmaids, with here and there a "best man," dreaming of the time when they in their turn shall blossom out into bride or bridegroom; and every flower-bell that sways or swings in the breeze is ringing a merry marriage peal.

A.E. JACKSON

The Problem of the Elder Scholar

A Problem concerned with not only the School, but the Home

By the Rev. W. S. HOOTON, B.A.

THE Sunday School should be the nursery of the Church. Its object is not merely to create a general Christian influence which shall leave upon the children an impression that will never be wholly effaced, but to lead them on from strength to strength until they emerge from the school as true witnesses for Christ and members of His Church. But this is just what is not being done in the vast majority of cases. And what makes the position especially serious is that, while everybody deplores what is sometimes known as "the weak link in the Sunday School system," very few practical attempts have been made to remedy the defect. It is poor comfort to fall back upon the only possible hope just suggested, viz. that an impression has been made which will some day produce fruit. As a matter of hard experience, this is very seldom proved definitely to be the case, and the growing indifference to religion calls for much more searching of heart than will be appeased by so vague a shelving of the difficulty. The task of prescribing a remedy is made all the harder because of the lack of such practical experiments; but the object of this paper will have been attained if it serves to suggest the lines upon which they may be attempted and to induce any to work them out.

An Increasing Danger

It is to be feared that the danger is increasing. We are probably losing our scholars, especially the boys, at an earlier age than formerly. There may still be found examples, especially in the North of England, where Bible classes for scholars of all ages up to adult manhood and womanhood are well attended; but it may be questioned whether even these are keeping the *bulk* of the young people as they used to do, and it is all too easy to be deceived by an apparently flourishing organisation into overlooking what is left undone.

If we are to reach any practical result, we must, first of all, ask, *Where is the*

root of the difficulty? Not, according to my belief, in the Sunday School itself. This is not said that Sunday School workers may flatter themselves that it is not for them to combat the evil, as will presently appear. And in itself the statement may seem a bold one. Nobody would suggest that the present system is all that it should be, or that much more might not be done if schools were better organised and teachers more faithful. But the root of the matter lies much deeper. It is to be found in a cancer which is eating into the national life. *The root is in the home much more than in the school.* What hope is there that boys will continue to have any regard for religion when their fathers plainly show that they consider it only a matter for women and children? Or what prospect is there of keeping even the girls when neither of the parents shows any concern for spiritual things? The increased precocity of the rising generation, together with the growing lack of parental control, and even of parental care in such matters, is quite enough to account for the lowering of the age of school attendance, which, therefore, itself confirms the conclusion as to the main source of the evil.

Let this, then, be taken as our root-principle. The main cause is in the homes of the people, and in their view of the religious life. Someone may say that this is the very reason why Sunday schools exist, and that there would be no need for them if all parents did their duty; so that it is our business to seek some remedy without regard to the attitude of parents. But we are considering a special development of the evil; and if it can be assigned to any definite cause which can be removed, this should not be overlooked.

What practical remedies can be found?

I. True religion must somehow be brought really home to the working-classes, and especially to the men. Have we ever paused to ask why so few have any concern for it, in an age which perhaps witnesses more effort to reach them, and especially more elaborate

THE PROBLEM OF THE ELDER SCHOLAR

organisation, than any other has done? No doubt there are many reasons; but one sore spot must not be left untouched. So much well-intentioned work could surely never have been thrown away if it had always been done upon right lines—upon lines which the Spirit of God could bless. As it is, we have been so anxious to recognise the many-sidedness of human nature that we have often left the spiritual side out of account. We have ceased almost to make a definite spiritual appeal, because we want to appeal to every department of human life. There has been such anxiety to make our services "attractive" that, unless we can advertise some great "draw" in the way of music or preacher, people are apt to feel what, I believe, at least one Yorkshireman, with delightful candour and forcible lingo, expressed by saying, "There's nowt to come for." Ordinary worship no longer appeals to people because the appeal has been so often deadened by what are in essence worldly methods.

The Danger of Extremes

Mention was just now made especially of the men. "Ah, yes," someone will say, "more men's services!" Certainly, if they are rightly conducted and do not degenerate into that "self-indulgent religion" which consists of "cornet-solos and a political address" following a "brief reading of Scripture"—was not that the Archbishop of York's recent description of a certain class of Sunday meetings? Men's services, jealously preserved for the direct spiritual appeal, and not paralysed by the element of Sunday entertainment which has negated so many well-meant efforts, are most useful and greatly blessed methods of reaching the men. But why should it be thought only possible for men to worship in separate compartments and at separate hours? Let us not go to extremes—there is no desire to under-rate the value of men's services or to diminish their number—but why not, in addition, make special efforts to get them to come and worship with their wives—yes, and *with their children* (this is our main point here); and why not get them, when they do come, to come together and sit in the same pew, instead of being scattered all over the Church in the modern

fashion? When the men's service is a feeder for the Church, depend upon it that the Sunday School will soon be the Church's nursery. Disabuse the working-man's mind of the idea that churches and chapels are so many competitive concerns—an idea for which Christians are solely responsible, especially by the absurd craze for advertisement—and he will respond to the direct spiritual appeal. He does respond, most emphatically, precisely where the ministry is most spiritual and active in personal work. But he is not getting, as a rule, the kind of appeal that one side of his nature needs. In our anxiety to reach him by all sides, we have neglected the most important, and so we are not reaching him at all. Restore the prayer-meeting and the diligent house-to-house visiting, and boldly throw overboard the numerous well-meant self-deceits by which the Church has turned itself into an entertaining agency, and he will make a better response.

The whole object of this paper will have failed if all this be felt to be beside the mark. It has the most definite possible bearing upon the problem of the Sunday School, which will never be solved till we can get at the home and the family life. There are, of course, other considerations which complicate the problem. To mention only one—this is not merely a matter for the working classes. Their indifference to religion is largely the reflection of the bad example of sabbath-breaking which is set by those who should know much better. But our compass is obviously too limited to go further. Whatever the causes, the boldest remedy is likely to be the most successful; and that is the direct spiritual appeal.

What the Sunday School Can Do

2. But it would be a mistake to assume that nothing can be done in the matter within the walls of the Sunday School itself. Much can be done, and a fundamental principle already emphasised may again be of service here. Spiritual methods must predominate. Matters of machinery have their place in Sunday Schools, as in other work. We are even now witnessing a vast improvement in organisation, and the adoption of teaching methods which,

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if not carried to an extent more suitable for day than Sunday school, may produce fruit. And we certainly cannot afford to overlook details like the punctuality and faithfulness of teachers, the due preparation of their lessons, and their brotherly and impartial interest in the scholars, both in and out of school hours, in the class and in the home.

The School and the Church

But something deeper than all this is needed. The aim is not to attach children to the school as an institution, still less to popular teachers, but to bring them to Christ and to link them in full membership to His Church. In these last words is the clue to what is needed. What attempt is being made, as a rule, to connect the Sunday School with the Church, except by an occasional service for children or by taking the morning scholars (a very small minority) to the regular service? More could be done if we did but grasp the grand opportunity we have for reaching the boys and girls at about the age of fifteen, and influencing them for life at what is perhaps the most impressionable time.

As things are, the school is often almost a separate institution—and this has sometimes been a marked weakness even in places where there has been outwardly the greatest success in keeping the young people till they are quite grown up. The success of the school has not always tended to the health of the Church. There has been considerable pride in keeping up the organisation, and perhaps much self-congratulation; but little tendency to enter upon full Christian privileges, or even to attend the ordinary services. Something is clearly wrong here.

The Remedy

What is the remedy? I can only speak of experience in connection with the Church of England, but I do know that it is often possible to get boys and girls to attend a Confirmation Class at the age when they are in the balance, and that in such a class one has an unparalleled opportunity for direct spiritual dealing. If the fatal mistake be avoided of making things too easy for the sake of numbers—if the Master's own plan be followed of

setting so high a standard that those who are not in earnest shall, if possible, be positively sifted out—a most valuable link with Church life and membership will be formed. Pastoral supervision must of course follow.

Now what is true of the Church of England is probably true of other bodies in varying degrees. All have their conditions of membership, and all should lead their young people definitely to face them at the critical age before they drift. Even then we should not keep all. Possibly we should only keep few; it has been ever so, from the days of our Lord Himself. But there would be some system which would, at any rate, clear us of responsibility; haphazard working would be at an end; and even these few would be more real than the few that we keep in a merely formal attachment at present, and consequently would be a greater power for good in the world.

To Prevent Drifting

Someone may say that things have gone too far for this, and that the age of drifting is already too low. At thirteen or fourteen we cannot ask them to enter upon full membership of the Christian Church. Opinions differ even on this point. But if it be so—and I confess myself one of those who feel the general advantages of a more mature age—then we must exert all our efforts to keep them from drifting before they reach that age. The definitely spiritual aim is our only hope. Boys' Brigades and Scout Patrols have their uses, but they have not perceptibly checked the drift. They only attract a limited number, and there is a leakage even from their ranks at much the same time. They are helpful accessories (when properly worked), but they can never go to the root of the matter. By the very nature of the case only one thing can do that. In addition to the more general reformation of the principles of Church work which was advocated earlier in this paper, a definitely spiritual aim in the Sunday School, keeping steadily in view the clinching of the matter at the critical age by regular attachment to the Church of Christ, can alone create the necessary link between the school and the Church.

The Submerging of Miss Sharman

A Complete Story

By DOROTHY HILTON

I ALWAYS think of Miss Sharman as submerged, and if the word is taken in its etymological sense as a *plunging under*, perhaps I am not so far wrong, though it was not by water or any other fluid that the poor woman was inundated. But I must not begin in the middle of my story.

It was on the first occasion on which I undertook regular duty in Merinton that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sharman and her daughter. My friend, the rector, specially commended the former to my care during his absence. It seemed that he had been in the habit of visiting the old lady once a week in order to read the Bible to her, and he begged that I would continue the practice.

"Not that it gives her any pleasure as far as I can see," he said, "and I cannot honestly say that I believe she gets any good from it, but it seems to afford Miss Sharman great satisfaction to know that her mother is so ministered to, and she is such a kindly little soul that I would not have it discontinued on any account."

Possibly Thwaites would have told me more of the mother and daughter if he had had time—he was a wonderful man for sketching a character in a few words—but the parish was a wide one, and his absence was to be a long one, so that he had a multitude of other directions to give me.

However, I soon discovered that the little he had told me was strikingly characteristic of the two ladies' reception of my pastoral offices. Miss Sharman seemed overwhelmed with gratitude when she found that I intended to continue my friend's custom, and Mrs. Sharman tolerated me; I cannot flatter myself that she did more. She was really a forbidding old lady altogether. I suppose she must have been well over eighty, and she had long been confined entirely to her bed by a weak heart and chronic rheumatism. Her usual expression of countenance I can only describe as repulsively wooden, and it never changed by so much as a flicker

whether I talked or read to her. For some time I believed that this dreadful immobility marked some intellectual want, but one day I accidentally touched upon a topic which caused her whole face to change, and I soon learned that she was in full possession of mental powers in some respects above the average.

I forget just what it was that led up to the subject which brought about this revelation, but I remember that I had alluded to the fact that I had spent the previous summer in a certain mountainous district in Spain.

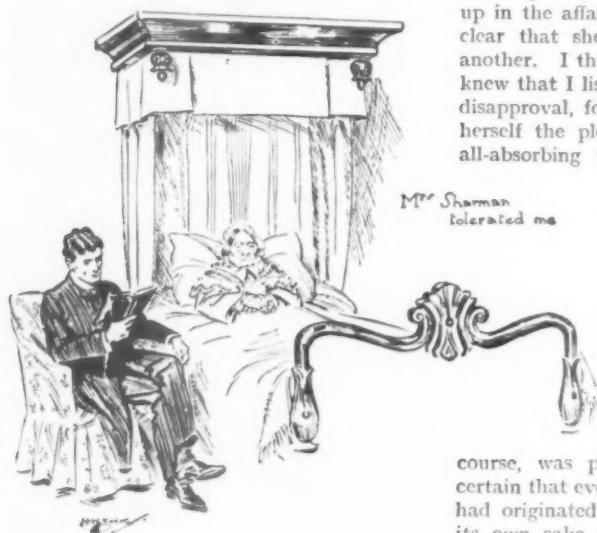
"Why, that is where the silver mines are," she said, and at once she became almost uncannily alert. Indeed, before I could recover from my surprise, I found myself answering a string of rapidly put questions as to the condition and prospects of mining as carried on out there. And I discovered that she already knew far more about the matter than I did myself, though I was not aware of having gone through the district with either eyes or ears closed. Further, when I mentioned what I believed to be the quoted price of the shares as an evidence of the prosperity of the mines, she not only flatly contradicted me, but proved herself right by producing from beneath her pillow a *Stock Exchange Gazette*, and exhibiting the actual figures before my astonished eyes.

This sudden awakening of interest—and in such a topic—was sufficiently amazing, but I gathered that the old lady possessed shares in these very mines, and that she was then hesitating whether or not to take up some new stock allotted to the shareholders. She was still discussing the pros and cons of this question with, what seemed to me, the technical knowledge of a broker, when her daughter entered the room—Miss Sharman always came up for the Bible reading—and at once the old wooden mask descended upon the invalid's face, nor did it lift again on that occasion.

But after that I never visited the old lady without being treated to a summary

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of her views regarding the position of stocks and shares. She had quickly drawn from me the fact that I was myself an investor in a small way, and she at once credited me with a vital interest in financial matters equal to her own. Apart from that one topic I never saw her evince the slightest interest in any matter whatever. It seemed



to me that she took her dose of Bible reading—as prescribed for her by her daughter—much as she took her doctor's medicine, and I can only hope that the latter was more beneficial than the former, for I had no hallucinations with regard to the effect of my ministrations.

And, indeed, as time went on, I began almost to dread my weekly visits to her. There was something to me quite horrible in seeing a woman on the verge of the grave so entirely absorbed in money matters. I shrank especially from the Bible readings. I felt it to be almost a profanation to cast the pearls of scripture before one so dead to all that was spiritual. The choice of the chapter was a difficulty also. Sometimes I would turn hot as I found that I had inadvertently selected one containing some such passage as "If riches increase set not your heart upon them," or "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," but I believe my sensitiveness lest this should seem too

pointed a choice was entirely wasted. I do not think she ever permitted the words I read to convey any meaning to her mind. Behind that immobile face I think her brain was still busied with its one congenial topic. I have since often reproached myself for having failed in my duty towards her in that I did not sternly warn her against allowing herself to be so completely wrapped up in the affairs of this world when it was clear that she must shortly be called to another. I think, however, in her heart she knew that I listened to her with scandalised disapproval, for though she could not deny herself the pleasure of discoursing on the all-absorbing theme, she used to try to

disarm me by telling me that the interest she took in finance was purely for her daughter's sake. Some of her income, she said, died with her; consequently she was very anxious to make the most of her savings that Miss Sharman might not be left without the means of support. This, of

course, was plausible enough, but I felt certain that even though a desire so laudable had originated it, speculation was now for its own sake the absorbing passion of all the life left in the feeble frame.

And sometimes as I walked homeward after these interviews I would wonder whether Mrs. Sharman might not be a much wealthier woman than she chose to allow me, or anyone else, to suspect, for though she always carefully refrained from letting me know whether or not she held shares in the various companies of which she spoke, her intimate knowledge of all kinds of stocks and shares pointed to a wider field of operations than that to which she confessed. But on the whole I concluded that her mania took the form of dabbling with many small sums in many ventures in preference to making one or two sound investments. Certainly there was nothing about the little household to suggest affluence. They only kept one inexperienced maid; Miss Sharman was always plainly, even shabbily, dressed, and she looked to me both overworked and careworn. Indeed, once or twice when I found her struggling with the household accounts, she bewailed to me the increased

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price of various domestic commodities, and said how difficult it was to make her house-keeping allowance cover all necessities.

I had been visiting the Sharmans thus regularly for some months—for my friend's absence had been more prolonged than ever at first anticipated—when the old lady had a paralytic seizure, and after that she was never well enough to see me again. She lingered for some weeks, and then died. I officiated at the funeral, and spoke a few words of condolence to Miss Sharman at the grave-side, but as I was unlucky enough to catch a chill on the occasion I did not see her again for some time. When I did call I found the poor woman in a much more disconsolate frame of mind than I had anticipated. Her very attitude when I entered spoke of some great change in her. I had never before gone to the house without finding her busy with some domestic task, but now she was sitting gazing into the fire with one hand folded over the other, and there was not even so much as a piece of needlework near her.

She greeted me cordially, and I uttered a few words of sympathy, which she received tearfully. But she was not fretting for her mother, she told me. She was glad to know that her sufferings were over.

"But, of course, you miss her greatly," I said.

"Yes, I do; but I think I could have fought against that if it had not been for this money trouble," she said, and she looked at me with eyes full of distress.

So this, I thought indignantly, was the end of the old lady's paraded intentions and pride in her financial acumen; apparently she had muddled away the provision that was to have been her daughter's. It was not a great surprise to me. I had always considered some of her pet projects speculative in the extreme.

"I am sorry to hear you speak of that," I said. "It is doubly hard when money troubles come on the top of our bereavements, but I hope that things may turn out better than you anticipate."

"Oh! I see you have not heard," she said, and an expression I could not understand crossed her face. "My trouble is not that I am left too little, but that I am left too much."

"Well, that is certainly a very uncommon one," I said. "Perhaps I ought to congratulate you?"

"Oh, please don't!" she begged. "You don't know what a shock it has been to me. I don't despise money—very far from it—and if I had had a little fortune left, say, three, or even four hundred a year, I should have been glad—so glad—but what *can* I do with two thousand? It's dreadful to think of!"

There was such genuine horror written upon her face that I forbore a smile. It was evident that the situation really spelt tragedy for her.

"You don't know how completely it has taken the interest out of everything for me," she went on. "I can do nothing but sit and think of it. Just yesterday I felt a little brighter, so I thought I would turn a dress skirt I had—there was really a lot of good wear left in it; and I felt almost happy until I'd got it unpicked, when all at once it struck me how silly it was for a woman with two thousand a year to be turning

an old skirt. And I can't bring myself to do any gardening; you see I can hire a man any time. And it doesn't seem to matter very much if Mary Ann does waste a few things about the house now. It is the same with everything; none of the little things I used to do seem worth while now."

"You'll soon get accustomed to the idea, and find new interests," I said comfortingly. "I don't think anyone ever has



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any difficulty in learning to spend money." She shook her head.

"I don't think I can," she said; "at least not such a dreadful lot of it. I've been adding up what we have been spending these last few years. I'm very bad at figures, but I can't think that we've lived at the rate of a penny more than two hundred, and that was with the doctor's bills. Whatever *shall* I do with two thousand? I can never, never spend it, and it will go on accumulating and accumulating! Oh! it is dreadful."

She put her hands before her eyes as if to shut out a vision of money rolling in upon her, and I think the picture in her mind communicated itself to mine, for since then I have never thought of that plain and elderly little woman without seeing her as it were

Mr Murray, her lawyer
was just being shown out



"My father and mother were both only children," she said, "and I was their only child."

"Of course there will be a succession duty to pay," I pointed out.

"Yes," she admitted, with a slight accession of cheerfulness. "I was glad when I heard of that, and Mr. Murray says the more money there is the more it pays, though I don't understand much about these things. But then he said, again"—and her face fell once more—"that the duty is not so much when it is from mother to daughter. I'm afraid there'll be a terrible lot of it left."

I had no further comfort to offer. I had had some small experience in sympathising with those left unexpectedly less well off than they had anticipated, but this was a situation entirely new to me. So I took my leave. She thanked me for coming, and begged that I would not be long in calling again.

"It's such a comfort to talk to you," she said. "You are so—so understanding. With some people I should be afraid

they might think I was boasting of my money."

"I do not think anyone could suspect you of that, Miss Sharman," I said, as I shook her hand, and as I turned away I smiled to myself. Than her distressed face and pitiful glance nothing could well be more unlike an heiress glorying in her great possessions.

A fortnight later, as I was passing Miss Sharman's door, Mr. Murray, her lawyer, was just being shown out. We met at the garden gate, and as I was going to visit a parishioner who lived in the direction of his home, we walked part of the way together. Naturally, I inquired after the lady he had just left, and as he quickly discovered that I was aware of the position in which his client found herself, he burst out at once in a decidedly unprofessional rage against the deceased Mrs. Sharman.

"It was abominable," he said; "simply abominable! In fact, I call it downright

struggling to breast the waves of an on-flowing tide of gold.

I tried to reassure her. Might there not be some mistake? Mrs. Sharman had once told me, I said, that part of her income died with her.

"But it was only fifty pounds a year," Miss Sharman said dolorously. "Oh, it's true enough; the lawyer has known about it all along."

"Then perhaps you have some relations who would be glad of a little help?" I suggested. Again she shook her head.

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cruelty to bring a woman up as Miss Sharman was brought up—that is, to pinch and scrape and wear herself to skin and bone to save a halfpenny—and now, when she is far too old to acquire the art of spending, to launch a deluge of money upon her like this! I did my very best to get the old woman to live less penuriously, but it was no use. I couldn't even induce her to give her daughter a hint regarding her expectations. The old lady was bent upon astonishing her neighbours by the amount she would leave behind her, and I suppose she was afraid that if Miss Sharman even suspected their real circumstances she might go on strike against the cheese-paring demanded of her. And then, of course, as you saw yourself, she was convinced that there was no use for money half so interesting as juggling with it in stocks and shares. It was a mania with her, nothing less. Well—he paused and held out his hand, for we had reached his gate—"I'm sure I never thought to live to pity anyone for having too much money, but I certainly do pity Miss Sharman," and then with a half-laughing apology for the tirade to which he had treated me, he left me.

On my way homeward I looked in upon the victim of all this wealth. I found her little more cheerful than on my first visit. "Isn't it awful," she said to me, "to think that there is four hundred pounds due to me already? Mr. Murray says I shall not get it all at once, but it's there all the same, and if I don't manage to spend it somehow, it will grow and grow and grow!" She emphasised the words with thrown out arms, and again I had a vision of her as a weary swimmer spreading feeble hands against an oncoming wave of gold.

But I had a few suggestions to make this

time. It was my duty to cheer her if I could.

"Of course, there is the parish," I suggested tentatively. "You have always taken a great interest in that."

"Yes," she said, and her face brightened; "I have had a lot of callers lately. Mrs. James came about the Lighting Fund, and I gave her a pound; then there was the Cricket Club, that was thirty shillings; I gave ten to the Reading Room, and I've promised five pounds at Christmas to the Coal Club. But"—and her face fell again—"it doesn't amount to so very much all told."

"You didn't think of giving larger sums?" I suggested.

"Well, you see, it was this way," she explained. "Lady Constance had headed all the lists, and it seemed as if it would be unbecoming in me to give more than she had done. I was afraid people might think I was putting on 'side.' Of course, I could have written myself down as a 'friend,' but every one would have guessed if it had been a large sum, and, in any case, I don't think it would be good for the Cricket Club, and the other things, to have

too much at once. It's terribly difficult to know what to do with it all. I've given a little away in the village, but poor mother was always very severe against indiscriminate charity. She said it did more harm than good, and I shouldn't like to spend her money in ways of which she would not approve."

"Of course, there are some very estimable objects outside the parish; children's homes, and such like institutions," I said.

"Yes," she agreed doubtfully; "I suppose I shall have to support some of them, but"—and here a look that reminded me strongly of her dead parent crossed her



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face—"I have an idea that the secretaries and officials of those places have a way of feathering their nests out of the funds—at least that is what mother used to say."

She need not have added that last clause. I could readily have guessed whom she had quoted, and I began to realise that the late Mrs. Sharman had, in addition to her money, bequeathed to her daughter a suspiciousness foreign to her nature.

I had practically come to the end of my suggestions by this time, and so far none of them had proved helpful. I would have liked to have added one more. I wanted to say:

"Well, then, Miss Sharman, why not *enjoy* your money," but with her doleful face before me the very mention of enjoyment seemed a mockery. So I said good-bye to her.

Shortly after this Thwaites returned to resume his duties, and I went south once more, but whenever I was in Merinton again I never failed to call upon Miss Sharman. I always found her in the same little cottage, living the same narrow life, and I do not think that at the most extreme calculation she could have added more than one hundred pounds to her yearly expenditure. She confided to me that she had for a short while kept a horse and trap, and a groom, but she had been nervous behind the horse, and the ordering of the man had been a daily trial to her, so that she had given up this attempt to increase her expenses. It was evident that her accumulating wealth was as much as ever a burden to her. Only once did I find her in something like a cheerful frame of mind, and this was during the winter of 19—, which was a year of deep and widespread commercial depression. Her dividends were not half what they had been, she told me with a thankful sigh. Once also I found her actually displaying some of the interest in life and general briskness which had distinguished her in the days when I first knew her. It was a time of the by-election for the Merinton Division. To my surprise—for I had never suspected her of the smallest interest in politics—I found her working quite hard in her small way in support of the Liberal candidate. However, the enigma was soon solved, for she told me herself that her enthusiasm for the gentleman in question was a consequence of his avowed intention to

support a proposal for an increase of twopence on the income-tax.

But though apparently Miss Sharman would have been only too thankful to have her income thus curtailed at its source, she suffered from a chronic inability to spend money in the ordinary way. Indeed, poor woman, she was genuinely to be pitied. She had no expensive tastes, and, as her lawyer had said, was too old to cultivate any. Economy had been ingrained in her by her upbringing, and it is quite possible also that in her temperament there may have been a trace of natural parsimoniousness inherited from her mother.

But eventually she did make a heroic effort to cope with her increasing income. On the last occasion on which I visited her I found her busy dismantling her little home. She had decided to travel, she said. She had heard that that was an excellent means of getting through money. She would try it at least for a time.

Strange to say, I happened to be at the station on the morning she left. She had some minutes to wait for her train, so we paced the platform together.

She had been much exercised in her mind lately in regard to the disposal of her wealth, she told me. Her lawyer had been urging her to make a will ever since her accession to fortune.

"But I couldn't make up my mind what to do with it all," she said, "so I have decided not to make one. The money will go somewhere, I suppose, and if it gives the lawyers a lot of work—well, it will perhaps do them some good, and it is best divided."

And then her train came in, and I bade her good-bye, and wished her an enjoyable tour. She thanked me, but I could see no anticipation of pleasure in her eyes. Then she got into her carriage—it was a third-class one, I noticed—and in another moment she was gone.

That was more than two years ago, and I have neither seen nor heard of her since. But occasionally I wonder where she is, and what she is doing. Has she fallen into the clutches of some needy adventurer, or adventuress, with no constitutional inability to spend money? Is she still struggling to breast that ever-increasing wave of gold? Or has she finally gone under, a victim—rare occurrence!—not of having too little, but of having too much?

The Rich Red Joy of Life

League of Loving Hearts Page

By THE EDITOR

AMONG the heritages of childhood which we look back upon with envy and a certain kind of regret is the power of vital, energetic enjoyment. To the child, life is very real; his sorrows and the little petty disappointments of daily life are real, but intensely real are his joys. And first among them is the sheer, wholesome joy of living—the rich red joy of life. The blood rushes madly through young veins, and there are no semi-tones—no greys and tints, but just strong red, and yellow, and blue.

How to preserve the child heart—the power to enjoy life, to enter on its many phases with keen anticipation and hearty realisation—this is a problem many would like to solve. For some people, mostly those who have had too much of life's good things to be able to relish them aright, find that the freshness has gone out of their existence, the flower has lost its bloom.

Is not a great deal of the ennui that attacks folk—the jaded, listless thing that passes for life—simply due to self-centredness? Some people live in a very little world, a world with only one inhabitant, and no wonder that oft-times they weary of the company they keep.

What tonic would a physician of souls prescribe for this indescribable ailment? There is one, and that quite simple: you must get out of yourself, forget the "I" of which you have heard so much, forget its aches and pains, its fears and fancies, and just make interests for yourself among those who need your sympathy and help. To regain the rich red joy of life try the redeeming tonic of the Helping Hand.

The League of Loving Hearts has

brought joy to many poor sufferers, has helped on many a good cause, but it has also helped and cheered its own members. Many of the readers of THE QUIVER have sent their contributions to the League as thank-offerings for special mercies; others have subscribed because their hearts have been touched into sympathy and desire to help; others have paid because they felt that they ought. With whatever motive—as long as it was a good one—they have been helped in helping others. They have, in so far as they have forgotten themselves and reached out to help others, brought joy into their own souls.

Many who have from time to time read in these pages about the League of Loving Hearts have been touched into sympathy, but the emotion has been wasted because never acted upon. I should like all my readers to show a practical interest in this little scheme, if only for the good it would do themselves.

The League of Loving Hearts makes possible for even the poorest of readers systematic and widespread charity. By sending One Shilling, which is the minimum subscription to the funds, you are helping to support the ten splendid institutions mentioned below. If you send ten shillings you will be contributing a Shilling to each Society, for we make no deductions for postage or for anything else.

During the last few months I have been welcoming hundreds of new members, in connection with the Toy Competition, which closed on April 29th. Many readers, of course, will not be entering for the Competition. May I ask such to send a small contribution instead?

The following are the Societies the League helps to support:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

The World of the Child

I.—The Child as Teacher

By DAISY F. McL. SLOAN

THE thoughtful student of human nature cannot but observe how, for those who have eyes to see, the child is a strong, moral teacher. How few of us, alas! there are willing to perceive and profit by such teaching. We are so anxious to instil into the children the dictates of the world; to lay down precept upon precept for their physical and mental welfare that we oftentimes miss the unconscious lessons of example they daily set forth. Take the lesson of truthfulness, for instance. To the child there is only the truth and a lie. There are no gradations of colour in the latter, such as civilisation is too prone to adopt. The polite fiction, the society fib, the little white lie, so common in the life of the "grown-up" are looked at by the clear eye of childhood as something abhorrent and not to be understood. The child is wholly sincere. It does not

mask its feelings and pretend an affection where the very opposite exists. It soon learns, of course, that it must not show a strong antipathy to anyone lest it hurt the feelings, and the child is always tender-hearted and kind when very young. But it will never simulate a friendship which it does not feel, as we adults so often do, from ulterior motives.

Candour and frankness are, perhaps, dangerous weapons even in the hands of a child. Still the candid friend who really is a friend, and not merely a picker of holes in our character, is a valuable asset in our life. Yet how few are candid, and even

when they are, we are apt to resent this frankness of speech.

The most beautiful lesson to be learnt from our children is faith. To the childish mind all things are possible; and how often do we see veritable mountains of trouble removed by the faith and trust of a little child. We continually worry and vex our souls over the problems of the future, forgetting the Hand which has guided and

aided us in the past. The child takes its benefits as straight from God and believes, unconditionally, that He is able and willing to take care of that future. Even in the case of the child who is too young to know or understand a Heavenly Father, this wonderful faith is exemplified in the glorious infallibility it bestows upon its own parents.

The child is naturally joyous, but also, it is not afraid to show its delight in innocent pleasures.

We elders have so repressed our natural inclinations, become so moulded on a pattern of civilised boredom that we have quite lost the art of being truly amused. We also are so conventional that it is seldom we exhibit the spontaneous gratitude for benefits received which is so delightful in children.

Real generosity is another lesson many could learn, with advantage, from children. The child is prodigal in its giving. It gives of its best unstintingly, without thought of return. How many of us can say the same? Frankness, faith, pity, these and other lessons the child teaches us.



(Photo: Lefm Martin.)

THE LISTENER.



THE STUDENT.

II.—The Art of Story Telling

By MONICA WHITLEY

STORY-TELLING is beginning to take a recognised place in the curriculum of the English infant school, following the example of America, where story-telling has been raised to a very fine art. Many schools there have a professional story-teller on the staff who serves in that capacity alone, and in Pittsburg there is a large Carnegie library for children only, where several times in the week "story hours" are held. Hundreds of children flock to these, quite of their own free will, and not as part of their school course. The aim is to lead them on

American schools and has given many lectures on the subject in England. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear her cannot fail to succumb to the fascinations of her art, and realise, as they never did before, of what it is capable.

Plato says, "Let mothers and nurses fashion the mind with tales even more fondly than they would the body with their hands." But many mothers and nurses will say that they have no natural gift for story-telling and have not time nor means to put themselves under a professor



(Photo? L. H. H. H. H.)

PLAYTIME.

to seek good literature from the library bookshelves, and at the close of each "story hour" a qualified librarian is ready to assist them in their choice.

Story-telling is, of course, no new thing, being as old as the human race; for in early days primitive man spoke his thoughts and imaginations, and engraved them on the minds of his children. They, in turn, passed them on to their descendants, and so grew the wonderful myths and fairy-lore which are embodied in the writings of poets and prose writers of a later day.

But story-telling in its latest development owes a good deal to Miss Marie Shedlock, who, in fact, knows all there is to know about it. She has introduced it into

of the art. To a great extent, of course, it is an inborn talent, but much may be done to inculcate it by patience and determination, and, which is of the greatest importance, by observing the effects produced by one's efforts.

The child knows the true philosophy, for to him the invisible things are the most real. Therefore, the most wonderful fairy-stories are easily apprehended by him. To him all nature is alive, and each plant and flower has a separate personality. The aim should be to train and develop this faculty, not to destroy it as is so often done.

In making a first attempt at story-telling a simple tale should be chosen, possibly a

THE WORLD OF THE CHILD



fairy tale, and it should be well rehearsed beforehand, so that there are no blunders and no racking of brains for "what comes next." It should be told in a natural, straightforward way, with no attempt to enforce a moral. Then the children should be encouraged to talk over what they have heard, and one should eagerly note the impressions they have formed; thus one will see where one has failed. So often it happens that one finds the wrong point has been unduly emphasised, and the children have imbibed totally different ideas from what were intended. But one must profit by mistakes and try again.

One should always strive to arouse the children's curiosity to hear something more, and unless this has been accomplished, the story-telling has failed. But, by and by, when one has gained success, the "story hour" will become a great means of getting to know and understand the child-natures. The individuality of each little mind will show itself more and more, and one will learn what must be pruned in one child and developed in another.

Of course, as children grow older, the scope of the "story hour" will extend. Stories from history, either ancient or modern, stories from the poets, and from well-known fiction—all may be used. Upon their character will depend the formation of the child's literary taste, and if this is pure and true, there is little danger that bad books or the rubbish of the lower class newspapers will have any charms for him.

If the "story hour" is used aright, there should be little need for fault finding in the home. Instead of continual reprimands the children should have shown to them in their stories the beauty of goodness and the ugliness of sin. But the moral must not obtrude—this is fatal; the child will quickly discover it for himself—a thing which he loves to do. For instance, he must never be told that the bad boy in the story is his counterpart, while the good girl is the

double of his sister. No, the child mind must, gently and imperceptibly, be aided to form its own conceptions.

This method of child training is full of wonderful possibilities, and one is constantly finding out something new and delightful about it.



The Blue Vase

A Story of Vicissitudes

by Brenda Elizabeth Spender

"CLEANED out, ain't yer?" Mrs. Clite's code of manners not being such as to prevent her from peeping over her lodger's shoulder, she had arrived at a perfectly just estimate of his finances before he had time to close the flap of his empty purse. Even without that confirmation, the haste with which he commenced to count out to her the little heap of silver and copper coins which lay before him on the tablecloth, from long experience of his character which she had described in many a discussion with her neighbours over the backyard wall as "self-respecting to a degree and stoopid truthful," would have convinced her that her guess had been correct. She was a kind-hearted woman, and though, being a widow with a young family, she probably could not afford to reduce her charges, particularly for a gentleman who, as he himself averred, might never be able to pay anything again, still she was honestly sorry to see him join the long procession of second-floor-backs who had gone away and, passing up or down as the whirlpool of London life carried them, had never returned to Freemantle Row again.

"I don't like yer to go without at least a somethink to clink together, Mr. Janway," she said. She knew perfectly well that the sale of his overcoat had produced the money she held in her hard, red hand, and took little notice of the young man's cheerfully vague reply.

"Don't you worry yourself over me, Mrs. Clite. Hope you'll get some rich old fellow in my place who'll be a perfect gold mine to you."

He rose as he spoke, took up a squat blue china vase from the shelf above the littered fireplace, and commenced to wrap it in a piece of brown paper. Mrs. Clite's expression grew a little brighter—she arrested him with a gesture.

"Look 'ere, Mr. Janway; leave—me—

yer vawse, an' I'll take a shillin' off the bill. Goodness knows I haven't got no money to chuck away, but the mantel-border looks real skinny without it, an' a shillin'll see yer through to-day, anyhow."

Frank Janway hesitated. Even a shilling meant something very considerable to him at that juncture; but after a moment's pause he shook his head, smiling, and took another turn of the paper round the vase, realising that in a different sense it would mean more to him than the money. A year ago, when a home of their own had seemed a possibility not so very far removed, the girl to whom he was engaged had seen the blue vase and had liked it. They had bought it together, laughing and telling each other that, trifle as it seemed, it was the first beginning of the happy future, and she had made him bring it with him to London and put it on his mantelpiece to look at when he felt lonely, and to remind him of all that was to come. Through all the troubles and worries and fears, and finally the privations and heart-sick disappointment of that year, it had been standing there, and the smile in the face of the little Japanese maiden who adorned it had reminded him of Frances's, and had cheered him on the worst of days. Now he felt that to part with it was to admit as a certainty the fear that he and Frances would never be together in the simple, dainty little home of which the blue vase was to have been the first instalment. Of course it was a foolish idea, illogical and lover-like, but he was overwrought and for some time underfed, and hope being practically dead within him, he clung all the more fiercely because despairingly to its lonely symbol.

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Clite," his voice grew unaccountably thick and difficult, "but it's a sort of keepsake, and I couldn't part with it."

THE BLUE VASE

When he had wrung her hand and had departed down the narrow street, Mrs. Clite, watching from behind the soiled lace curtains of the parlour window, shook her head.

"He was a gent I could 'ave trusted about anythink," she said to herself. She was not a highly educated person, and her acquaintance with the poets was so limited as to be almost non-existent, therefore no one zealous for the honour of great Shakespeare need accuse her of plagiarism. "Per'aps if 'e 'adn't bin so gentle 'e'd a bin 'ere now," at which she wiped her eyes.

Meanwhile Frank Janway pursued his way somewhat embarrassed by the unique position of being able to carry his whole worldly goods with him, and having not the faintest idea where he and they were to find another shelter. Latterly, thinking of to-day, he had penetrated into one or two of those districts which offer lodging to the lowest grade of humanity that is in the habit of requiring it, and had come out shuddering with all a countryman's sense of their unsavouriness, oppressed by the swarms of men, women and children who teemed there, and scarcely seemed to leave each other air to breathe. Even that was beyond him now, penniless, and with a cardboard box and a parcel as his sole pretensions to luggage, but he fancied that the alternative which faced him was really pleasanter, though to walk the London streets all night with a box in one hand and a parcel in the other added a touch of bathos to the idea at which he even smiled.

According to all the recognised rules as to the sensations of virtuous young persons in trouble, he should have been vastly comforted by the reflection that it was not by any fault of his own that he had come to his present position. As a matter of fact, the consciousness that circumstances quite outside his control, unforeseen, and in no wise to be avoided, had brought him a struggling victim to his present pass, added to his loneliness a sense of helplessness which of late had inclined him to wonder less what he himself should do than what would happen to him next. An orphan and an only child, he had been brought up by a bachelor uncle, the Rector of a small parish on the Welsh border, who had intended him for the Church. The

Rector himself was a cold man, self-contained and dignified and narrow, a man who, however he might have failed in sympathy and loving-kindness, had never in all his life fallen short of any of the outward and obvious observances of Christian life and duty. Young Frank, in his holidays, learned to look up to his relative with a kind of awe, too young, too ready for hero worship to realise that his kinsman's very perfections were the outcome of an imperceptive mind and an egotistical soul. He used to watch him with dog-like eyes of devotion as he came down the village street superbly benevolent, the women curtsying to him from their cottage doors. When he paused to lay a white, delicate hand in benediction upon the head of the cleanest child within reach, his nephew's dark eyes would fill with tears. This man was a saint, nothing less, content to pass his life here as the guide, philosopher and friend of a handful of Celtic villagers, and to ask for nothing more, the fact that his uncle was a very stupid man as well as a very self-satisfied one having quite escaped his notice. This was a saint, and he, Frank Janway, selfish, ambitious, passionate, quick to anger, thrilling to every breath from the great world which blew upon him, he had dreamed of following in those hallowed footsteps. It could never be. There was a long interview in the rectory study, the uncle gentle, deeply pained; the nephew fiery, vehement, half heart-broken at the sight of his own shortcomings and his uncle's grief. He would work at anything and do his best, but he was not fit for the Church.

"The Law?"

He had never thought about that, but his uncle had, and the knowledge that the boy's preparation for that career might be arranged so that it would involve a considerably reduced outlay offered balm to the Rector's wounded heart. So the matter was settled, and if Frank ever felt dissatisfied with his walk in life, he never mentioned it, being guiltily convinced that he had been quite tiresome enough already. His belief in his uncle was destined never to be shattered, for soon after he had passed his final examination, the Rector, being, as is true of all humanity, neither black nor white, but both in stripes, and persisting in the letter of his duty, though he probably

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had no perception of its spirit, caught diphtheria from a woman to whose bedside he had gone, and died, as far as Frank was concerned, crowning a saintly life with a martyr's death, and leaving his dear nephew his signet ring, as a token of his goodwill, and his savings for the erection of a stained glass window to his own memory in the church where he had ministered so long.

Frank, thus suddenly left alone—for he had few other relations, and those distant and made more so by poverty—was thankful for the chance of remaining with the firm of solicitors with whom he had served his articles, and there met and wooed his Frances, the daughter of a poor curate with a large family, and at that time governess in the household of the senior partner.

"You've made a bit of a fool of yourself, Janway," was that gentleman's verdict upon the matter. "You'll never work a practice up, and you can't afford to buy one. You ought to have looked out for a girl with money."

At which the young solicitor's dark face, more honest than handsome, more kindly than acute, assumed a particularly fine red tint, though his mind remained absolutely unchanged.

That engagement had not long ceased to be a wonder of wonders to him when the business was sold to a younger and more energetic practitioner, who very quickly found that he should not require young Janway's services. Ambition urged Frank to obtain a berth in London, and it was at this period that the blue vase was purchased. Seven months later the solicitor in the management of whose practice he assisted was arrested one sunny April morning on a charge of misappropriation. From every client with whose affairs he could tamper he had levied a subscription; the total was gigantic. The wail of the widows and children mingled with the shouts of the rich men and the newspapers. He was tried, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and went to his cell, comforted a little by the thought that he could at least expiate his own crime. He forgot, as one would very much like to forget sometimes, that transgressors do not only make the way hard for themselves. Frank's association with him proved fatal to his prospects.

Time after time in the months that followed he was on the verge of getting an appointment, and lost it when the identity of his late employer had to be acknowledged—a damaging connection which he was far too honest to seek to conceal, though he grew to dread the coldness and distrust which inevitably greeted the mention of that name. Finally, he found himself, at the age of twenty-eight, homeless and penniless in a crowded London street, his sole assets a cardboard boot-box containing a little underclothing and a cheap blue vase.

The situation was melancholy in the extreme. He had taken no breakfast, since that indulgence would have raised Mrs. Clite's account to an amount beyond the power of his overcoat to liquidate, and by midday he felt sick and faint. He began to turn his face away from the men and women who passed him, for fear that they should see his hunger and despair written there and pity him, but when he passed an eating-house the smell of hot meats that came rushing out as someone opened the door struck him as horrible. He told himself that if he was to die of hunger, the fact that he had ceased to desire to eat was certainly very comforting. He was only a little sorry to think that the omniscience of modern science would certainly lead the coroner's jury to the right conclusion as to the cause of his demise. It would look shocking in the papers. "Solicitor succumbs to starvation in the street." It would be dreadful for Frances, and he hoped vaguely that no one would be found to identify his body.

His aimless wanderings brought him at last to Oxford Street; he remembered that Frances had come to town by a day excursion last autumn, and how he had taken a holiday to show her all the sights. He recalled how that day they had walked down the very pavement upon which he stood, and had laughed and talked and hoped, and had been so certain of the future that it had seemed almost within their grasp. Something of the strong-hearted buoyancy which had been his then came back to him with the memory. All his future, all his life, could not have dwindled away from that to this. If it had once been his, how could he have lost it so utterly? With firmer steps he made his



"'Sorry!' she said. 'You ought to have looked what you were about, young man!' Then she went on her way"—p. 670.

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way to the next turning, a little further and he had left all the noise and the passing crowds of Oxford Street, and stood in a pleasant square with a garden in the middle of it. He found a pillar-box near at hand, steadied himself against it, hoping very much that no one would think him inebriated so to need support, and unrolled the blue vase from its wrappings. There it was, bright and blue and shining. This link between himself and hope was still his; it was cowardly to despair. He made an effort to square his shoulders and stand erect. Somehow a change for the better must come. Things could not be so bad as they had seemed.

He commenced to wrap the vase up again in its crumpled paper, and at that moment a woman passing him altered the angle at which she was carrying her smartly rolled gold-handled umbrella. There was a flash before Frank Janway's bewildered eyes, the umbrella handle struck his hand, a little jarring sound, and the blue vase lay in a hundred fragments at his feet.

The author of the accident turned her head. She was a big woman with a florid face and a fierce black fur hat, and her hard eyes took in the fact that Janway looked ill and shabby at a glance.

"Sorry!" she said. "You ought to have looked what you were about, young man!" Then she went on her way.

It was gone, and his last shred of hope went with it. The end had surely come. His happy future must be lost inevitably, no more to be pieced together than the fragments of the blue vase down there in the street mud before him. He had been mad to think that any hope remained. He stooped and picked up a shard of the earthenware. That darker blue spot had been the Japanese maiden's smiling eye, and that reminded him afresh of Frances, but the thought of her was only agonising to him now. Poor little Frances! He was done. He had struggled against overwhelming odds, and he was beaten.

He began to walk on, but the pavement seemed to rock beneath his feet. He clutched desperately at some area railings, and when a very small page-boy with very bow-legs and a very bright blue suit came out of one of the houses near and spoke to him, he was hardly even conscious of surprise.

"If yer please, sir, would yer come in and oblige my missus by speakin' to 'er for a moment?"

"Who?" Janway asked, staring stupidly into the boy's round, freckled face.

"Yourself, sir."

"What for? Who wants me?"

"Me missus, sir. Her lives there, opposyte the pillar-box, if yer wouldn't mind stepping over that w'y."

All directions were rapidly becoming the same to his bewildered senses, and when Janway allowed the page-boy to pilot him back across a corner of the square and in at the gateway of a tall, dull house, he scarcely saw that the front door stood hospitably open under its ornamental scallop shell, or realised that the bow-legged page had led him into the hall and up a flight of stairs, until they stood together on a landing outside a closed door.

"What nyme, sir?" the boy inquired, as he rapped.

Frank shook his head.

"What's yer own nyme, I mean?"

"Ah! Janway—Frank Janway."

"Mr. Jenuwary to see yer, mum!" The page threw open the door, and as Frank stumbled over the threshold he was conscious that there was something strange about the place; it was quite unlike any other drawing-room he had known, though he failed to make out where the difference lay.

"How do you do, Mr. January?" said a voice. "I don't think Edward can have said your name properly, though. It was very good of you to come in."

He turned towards the window whence the welcoming voice had come, and started in spite of himself, because the person who was sitting there holding out a very small hand in greeting was the oddest, most misshapen, surprising and unexpected creature imaginable. Her figure, from what could be seen of it, despite the concealing draperies of a flowing blue silk robe, appeared to have reversed every rule anatomy has ever known, and was contracted until her length was that of a child of seven, yet the pale, shapeless face peering out one-sidedly from among her blue ruffles, was haggard and lined. It would have been an old face but for the wide, blue eyes, dim and wondering, reminding Frank of those of a kitten or a young puppy in the utter youth-

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fulness of their expression, and for the mass of pale golden hair which, dressed high in a crown of glimmering curls, was the only beauty she possessed.

"My name is Janway," he said. He went up the long room towards her as quickly as his dizzy head would allow, and hoped she had not guessed from any gesture of his the feeling of repulsion which her deformity had given him.

She pointed him to a chair, and as she talked, those wide, dim eyes of hers never left his face, and read far more there than he had ever dreamed that a face could tell.

and blue salvias and sprays of delphinium, light and dark, delicate and bright, stood here and there about the room.

"This is my hobby, you see," said the lady. She pressed the button of an electric bell in the wall beside her, and the bow-legged page brought in tea upon a tray. "Let me give you a cup of tea, Mr. Janway, if you can spare a few minutes to talk to a poor old monstrosity who is so glad to have a visitor."

"Don't, please." Frank took the little Royal blue Coalport cup in a trembling hand. The fragrance of the tea, the sight of the



"They called at the house of the Blue Lady"—p. 672.

"I saw your misfortune from my window here when that abominable woman broke your china. I felt sure that you had prized it very much, and suddenly it occurred to me that there might be one like it here which you would accept in its place."

He followed the gesture of her hand with his eyes, and then what it was that had made him think it so strange a room was plainly evident. Everything there was blue, walls, ceiling and ornaments. He fancied that every shade that had ever been made was there arranged with a skill which had evoked a perfect harmony. The very flowers in the window-box were lobelia

dainty bread and butter and the delicately browned cakes were making him ravenous, though from a coarsely prepared meal he would have turned away in sick disgust, and his face crimsoned with shame at his own eagerness. His hostess watched as he tried to eat slowly, tried to pretend that he was not half starved, and those far-seeing dim eyes of hers grew a little more dim as she saw her estimate of him confirmed and the underfed body struggling against the refinements of behaviour forced on it by the soul. She looked away.

"This is my hobby," she went on, talking to set the young man at his ease. "People

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call me 'The Blue Lady' because I will have everything about me blue. When I saw you break your vase, I felt at once that the colour was a bond of union between us. I was sure you were unhappy—down on your luck. I thought you wouldn't mind if I asked you to come to see me. Do you know, I have been here ever since I was fifteen—more than twice as many years ago. I was in a railway accident, and afterwards they brought me here to be near a specialist in Harley Street—by the by, he's in Kensal Green now, but I'm still here, you see—and the journey so very nearly killed me that they have never dared to try and take me away again. You can't think how many friends I have made from my window. Sometimes I've watched people for years before I have dared to ask them to come to me. Edward sold papers once upon a time at a crossing in Oxford Street. I used to watch him going to work every day; then we began to wave to each other; then he came and rang the bell one night, to know if I should like to see a paper he hadn't sold. He came up here, I could tell the child was ill, and that settled it. When anyone's ill or a bit miserable it gives you a chance to speak to them. You don't mind my saying, do you, that if you hadn't looked so cut up I wouldn't have dared to send for you?"

"It was very kind of you. I was—I am pretty well down on my luck, as you say, and the—the blue vase was—well, just the last straw; you understand?"

He tried to keep the thickness out of his voice and refused her offer of the cake. It was almost a pity, he reflected, when he had so nearly reached the end to take this new lease of life and have to go through all the pangs of this dreary day again to-morrow.

"I am so sorry," said the Blue Lady gently. "I think somewhere here I must have a vase very like yours—if you don't mind looking for it. I should so like you to have it if there is."

The young man dragged himself to his feet, crossed the room, and commenced a listless scrutiny of its ornaments. They were so many, so different, and all so much better and more valuable than the poor pledge of his happy future had been, and as he looked the thought of all he had lost swept

over him afresh. He turned and faced the little lady with his dark head held high, but his haggard face was working and his lips began to tremble.

"I'm afraid," he said, "it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid it's no good. If you had one just like it that wouldn't be the same. I—I was going to be married, and Frances and I bought that vase, the first thing for our home—it's over now!"

"Is she dead—your Frances?" the Blue Lady asked him presently, and then the whole miniature tragedy came out. The high hopes with which he had come to London, the defaulting solicitor, the stigma which that connection had thrown upon his own honesty, the fading of all the happy future which had been symbolised in the blue vase; and the lady nodded her small, wise, golden head.

The next afternoon found Frank Janway again in the blue drawing-room by the little lady's special request. She handed him a letter; it was addressed to himself by a firm of solicitors having one of the largest practices in the City, a firm whose name was a guarantee, a firm which stood a very pillar in the legal edifice. They offered him, on the recommendation of the Blue Lady—not that they called her that, they had a dull, ordinary kind of name for her which I shall not even trouble to repeat—a situation as assistant managing clerk at a salary exceeding his wildest dreams of affluence. He was to go for a month on trial; if he suited there were prospects.

I leave it to more competent critics to say whether it was manly or grateful in him to break down utterly then, only I know that he seemed both six months later when, directly he came back to London from his honeymoon, even before he had taken her to Hornsey to see the little red house, with the white door and the brass knocker, into which their dreams had beautifully materialised, he brought his Frances—pretty, blushing, true-eyed Frances—in her modest country clothes and her big new wedding ring, to a certain house in a quiet square near Oxford Street, where a bow-legged page, exuding joy at every button, admitted them both into the presence of the Blue Lady.

Comrades

A talk principally to, and about Girls

by Mrs. Creighton

IT is natural for the young to be individualistic, to feel that their own life, their own plans and hopes, are of supreme importance; and it is not only natural, but up to a certain point it is also right. Their business is to build up a self—a self fit for some kind of work, for some kind of activity. But their object and motive in building up that self, the mental atmosphere in which they build it up, and the nature of their outlook upon the world, are all important in determining the result they will attain.

Self-Development

They are rightly engaged in developing their different gifts. Some are thinking chiefly of pleasure, of how to have a good time; some are eager to cultivate a special capacity or talent; some have to prepare to earn their own livelihood; some are determined to fit themselves to do some work for others. It is possible to look upon all these things—our work for others even, as well as our pleasure—from our own point of view, primarily with regard to what we ourselves are going to do. We may, as it were, see our little "ego" standing outside the world, preparing to enjoy it, to use it, to influence it, to serve it. Great things have been done in this way; but, after all, it is a poor way, apt to prove unsatisfactory, to lead to disappointment. Everything will be transformed if we think of ourselves not as outside the world, but as with the world, as belonging to a great company, as members of a band of comrades pursuing the same aim.

Comrades v. Companions

We all delight in the possession of friends and companions; but in this delight it is the personal view that is prominent: what we can do for them, what they can do for us. In the thought of comradeship there lies something

different. With comrades we do the same work, we share the same aspirations, we fight side by side in the same battle. This sense of comradeship is first felt, perhaps, in the common interests of school life, in the school games. It is the best side of the modern development of athleticism amongst girls, and if rightly guided may help to produce more public spirit amongst them, and that sense of honour in which women are sometimes said to be lacking. But at best this is only a small beginning. We have to learn that love does not reach its highest development if directed only to those of whom we have need. It is natural for the warm, loving heart to cry at first: "I love all that is near me." But the great soul will realise that even those who are far off are near, and will not rest until it feels comradeship with them also.

Increasing the Pleasure of Life

Those whose object it is to have a good time, to make pleasure the end of life, would find even their pleasure increased if they did not seek it only for themselves; if, realising what it meant in their own lives, they tried to make it possible for others also, if they brought the spirit of comradeship into their pleasures. Those who have determined to give themselves to the pursuit of some study or some art should realise that others are doing the same, that they are entering a great fellowship when in ever so small a way they give themselves seriously to some study. A young painter, as he stands before the picture of a great master, should feel not despair as he recognises the incomparable achievement of the master, but triumph at the thought that he, too, is a painter. In proportion as his work is sincere, each student can do something to advance the study to which he has given himself, and may gain inspiration from the sense of the great band of comrades to

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which he belongs and with whom he is working—comrades not only in one country or of one time, but of every country, of the past and the future as well as of the present. No true worker is alone. He is one of an innumerable multitude all bent on the same quest.

Neither is there need to despair in our work for others because we can do so little. Here, too, each is one of a great company. We carry on what others have begun, we learn from what others have done and are doing, we hope to leave things easier for those who will take up the work in the future. Each may share in the joy of the common work if they will only hear the call which comes to each to do something to make the common life better, to make a truer life more possible for all. We are never really alive so long as we live for ourselves, without the joy of comradeship.

An Inward Question

In these days those who look on must often wonder whether the girls of our leisured and comfortable middle classes have ever asked themselves what right they have to the advantages and privileges of their lives. Do they ever think of the lives of other girls, of the deadening toil in the sweater's den, of the long hours of labour in factories and workshops, even of the exacting work of the maids who wait upon them? And if perhaps they do sometimes think of those near at hand, do their thoughts ever wander farther afield to the women and girls shut up in the harem or the zenana, to the despised lot of the women in non-Christian lands? If they, in ever so small a degree, think of what is the lot of other girls, surely with the feeling of thankfulness for their privileged lot, must come the conviction that it has been given them in order that they may use the opportunities of their lives to do some special work for the community—work which they are able to do just because they are free from the coarser tasks.

There is no real living for any of us till we have learnt to share the lives of others, to take part in the work of the world. To this truth many souls are hermetically sealed. Some are blind and deaf through the deadening effect of

monotonous toil and weary suffering, some through the pursuit of selfish pleasure and ease. Neither of these are really alive. When we awake to the needs and the joys of others, then we are really alive: we have much to think about, much to care for; we are no longer alone, for the whole world is near us; we have pity for all; we desire happiness for all. It is impossible, if we have once felt the needs of the world, to go back to our own selfish slumber. A great struggle is always going on—the struggle to help the oppressed, the suffering and the sinning, to make the conditions of life more possible for all. Those who have realised the existence of that struggle cannot wish to stand outside it. They must want to share in the joy, in the excitement, even in the pain of it.

Work for All

There is not only one way of helping. Each must help according to his special gifts. The uplifting vision is to see progress to be the same struggle everywhere, to discern comrades in all those who are working. All can be warmed by the same fire—the fire kindled by love and faith; all can sing the same song—the song of joy in service, of hope in triumph. We may realise this truth if we will; we may help others to realise it. Always the enthusiasm and devotion of some will inspire the service of others. The great necessity for each is to have the will to be amongst the workers. In each are hidden powers of love and devotion unknown often to themselves. These need to be awakened. The determination to be among the workers will help to open our eyes. We must be quite decided that we will belong to the great army of those who in the past, as well as in the present and the future, have lived, are living, and will live not for themselves but for others. The first thing needed is to get rid of the feeling of separation which divides us from others, to recognise that we and they are not different, but all have the same hopes, the same needs. Many of whom we know and think nothing are making our lives possible by their work—work in coal mines, in factories, on distant cornfields, in Eastern tea-gardens: work often dull, dreary, and irksome to a

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degree impossible for us to bear. Cannot we in our turn do something to make their lives more possible? Our work, whatever it is, will gain a new meaning for us as we learn to look upon it as part of the work of the world, as done for the good of those who are working also for us.

It is not easy for girls, especially for those who are not compelled to earn their living, to have a clear purpose in life before them. They may not even be able to see much object in their education if it is not leading up to anything definite. But to most the time of education will at least be a time of preparation, and that preparation will gain a new meaning for them if they can learn to think of themselves as belonging to a great fellowship. They have to realise that the world wants them, that there is plenty of work for them to do both at home and abroad. Girls, and women too, need to learn to feel their citizenship, to look upon themselves as part of the community, as called to live for the community. No one work is really better than another: all depends upon the spirit in which it is done.

The Spirit of the Work

People talk sometimes about higher and lower kinds of work, or about what are called "good works." But the one thing that matters is that the work we have chosen should be done in that spirit of love which makes us really live and which gives us power. If only they do their work with truth and devotion, then the missionary, the artist, the hospital nurse, the doctor, the teacher, the wife and mother, the deaconess, all in their several ways are using their lives for the common good. In the fullness of Christ there is room for all, since all that He has made is good and can be used for His glory. To recognise this will help all to feel their comradeship with others. Even those who are laid aside through suffering or weakness, who feel that they can only be comrades in suffering, can be of help to others by the way in which they bear their sufferings. They, too, have entered a great fellowship, the secret joys and opportunities of which are unknown to those outside, just as much as are its

limiting weakness and its bitter regrets and haunting misery.

The Longing for Great Service

Girls are often full of longing to do some great work, to achieve some wonderful thing. But the way is full of hindrances. Parents and friends see things in a different light. The older generation cannot understand the aspirations of the younger. The girl is sometimes kept from the work which she longs to do merely by the conventional views and prejudices of her parents. Sometimes, too, the parents see farther than she can, and know that it will be well for her to wait, to test the sincerity of her purpose. Or, again, obvious duties may keep a girl from the path she longs to pursue. But, whatever may be the hindrances in her way, these too can be used as opportunities for service. She can help others by the way in which she bears her restrictions. By wise use of the time of waiting as a time of preparation, by the tact and gentleness with which she overcomes prejudice, by avoiding self-assertive and aggressive ways, she can make the path to liberty for fuller service and a freer life easier for others as well as for herself. There is much at the present day that it is not easy for women to discern with regard to their place in life and the work they are called upon to do. In the struggle to gain light on these difficult questions they can help one another by realising their comradeship, by feeling that they are not struggling alone and for themselves only, but with others and for the sake of the community.

Sacred Charity

This thought should lead those girls who do care for the important things in life, whose way is clear, who have a serious purpose, not to disregard those who have not learnt to care, those who are thinking only of their own pleasure. It is a great mistake when thoughtful girls, full of interests and work of all kinds, condemn others as merely frivolous, and behave as if they had nothing to do with them. They must try to realise their comradeship with these too, if they would win them to a better way of life. Surely there is something that might bring them

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together. In the girl who is so easily dismissed as merely frivolous and silly, there may be lying hidden treasures of love and self-devotion only waiting to be awakened. She does not understand about work for others; she thinks that people who give themselves to it are dull and dowdy. She has no interest in study; she feels that the girls who study despise her ignorance and have nothing to say to her. What is needed in order that each may help the other—for the earnest-minded girl can learn much from the more frivolous one, who at least knows the importance of trying to please—is some common ground on which they could meet, some amusement, some interest which they could share without condescension on either side. Games, society, the pleasures of country life will often provide the opportunity desired. The important thing is to use it when it comes. It is for those who have found out the joy of service to awaken in others the desire to take part in that service, but they can only do so if they recognise their comradeship with them.

All life will grow different to us in proportion as we learn to look upon those we meet in our daily walk as comrades. How many they are, and how different! There is the girl who serves us in the shop, the maid who waits upon us at home, the

poor toiler in the sweating den of whom we have read and who perhaps has made the very blouse we are wearing. But there is also the devoted missionary, the great artist, the nurse in the hospital, the deaconess who has given her life to work amongst the poor. These all are our comrades if we too are feeling our life as something given to us in order that we may use it to the glory of God and the service of His children. It will not matter if our work is small, or if it is left unfinished, for others will carry it on. It is part of a mighty whole. And as we try to do it as well as we can, however humble, however obscure it may be, we shall gain joy and encouragement as we remember the great company of those our comrades who are fellow-workers with us. The hard-working general servant in the vicarage is, in a true sense, her master's comrade in the great work he has to do, for by her faithful service she makes it more possible for him. There is no need to feel our life dull and grey or our toil hard and monotonous if we have only eyes to see the great army of those who are working with us, and hear their song of triumph and hope as, by their common labour, difficulties are smoothed over and the way to a fairer, richer life for all is made clearer.



Holroyd of Bahnai

A Story of Love and Sacrifice

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS

HE came up to Bahnai in the middle of the hot season to take charge of the souls of the sixty of us garrisoning the fort. And the very sight of him disappointed us. That, however, was not his fault. We, who had for eight long months been completely isolated from the world, cramped up in a little hillside fort, had perhaps anticipated too much when news from headquarters warned us of the advent of a new chaplain to replace the old one who had gone down with cholera. Over the mess table we had pictured a curate militant, a man strong and keen, fresh from Europe, replete with the gossip of the world and the clubs—a man, in fact, who would infuse fresh life into us and dispel the pall of utter ennui overshadowing us. Instead, we were compelled to agree, as we stood watching him superintending the Burman coolies unloading his luggage on the river bank, that he was the quaintest figure of a man our eyes had ever chanced upon. He was undersized, hollow-chested, sloping-shouldered. His face, or as much as we could see of it beneath an over-large white sun-helmet, was freckled and wrinkled like a dried apple. Moreover, there was a look in his dark, deep, sunken eyes as of one who had looked his last on life and wondered why he had not found the end of it.

"There's a mystery about him," said Atherton, critically examining him; "and it's the mystery that's broken the man. Wonder what it is!"

So did we all—vainly. The new-comer was a man of much silence. He had nothing at all to say about anybody or anything, least of all about himself. He was the guest of the mess the night of his arrival, and sat on Atherton's right hand. We felt like singing thanksgivings when at last he left us, for, though we had all done our best, the new-comer had uttered nothing more than monosyllables. And after that we gave him up and gradually grew resigned and accustomed to see him sitting amongst us night after night without a word.

It transpired he knew Major Atherton's

wife. Fourteen years of India had made her sun-dried, lackadaisical, indifferent, and hopelessly hysterical. If her children had been with her instead of in England, she might have been different. As it was, she was a nonentity, with dormant capabilities of being decidedly something where men were concerned had she but cared. They greeted each other quietly, but I remarked she was curiously white.

"You are very welcome to us," she exclaimed. "It is a long time since we last met, Mr. Holroyd!"

The major's brows curved in his surprise. His wife had never so much as hinted that she knew the coming pastor.

"It was on the 2nd of May, at Sutton, fourteen years ago," said Holroyd, taking her hand, and that was all. Afterwards he treated her as he treated us, holding aloof from her.

If Holroyd was a social failure, he was no better in the pulpit. His sermons, the fact that he read them notwithstanding, ran about as smoothly as does a train on the Grand Trunk; they jerked and jumped and jolted us to distraction. The man was anything but a Tommy's *padre*, and the men laughed at him openly. Your private soldier may not be religious, but he is essentially a common-sensed individual. And Holroyd appeared to them to be hopelessly incompetent and an unmitigated fool. When, however, a hot season brought cholera with it, I think they altered their views a little. For the chaplain was with them night and day—silent, 'tis true, but soothing wonderfully with hand and eye. We told ourselves then, seeing how quietly and uncomplainingly he bore the almost unendurable strain, that after all there was a great deal in the *padre*, waiting only the occasion to be brought out, and we grew to respect him accordingly.

The months dragged on slowly to the time of our relief. Holroyd by this time had settled down among us and found his own furrow. He went his way, we ours, and we forgot him except when he was before our eyes. Then, one afternoon, when the

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excitement of impending departure was on us and our talk was all of home, he came in from the hills, a great livid bruise on his forehead, and sought Atherton.

"There is going to be trouble with the natives," he said; "they are restless, very restless."

Atherton laughed the idea to scorn.

"They had stunned Private Andrews and were going to murder him," continued Holroyd quietly. "I brought him in, and they did this to me." He pointed to his bruise.

The major whistled his astonishment; for, whatever we thought of the chaplain, the natives had never treated him other than with the greatest respect, priests of any description sharing at least some of the veneration which they offered their own teachers. It was obvious they must be very excited to have so mishandled Holroyd. Atherton grew anxious.

The fort, you must know, was a little, ramshackle hole of a place, as incapable of protecting or guarding anything as it was of resisting a stout attack. It should and would have been condemned long before if the Inspector of Works had found the time to cast an eye over it. The armament was obsolete, fit for the scrap-heap only, and to a great extent we depended on the village for provisions. To the sixty of us there a rising would be a serious business, conscious, as we were, of the proverbial tardiness of relief forces. So, in the intervals of packing, we attended to the guns and accoutrements. The chaplain suggested in his quiet way that the flat-bottomed river boats might be overhauled with advantage. The major agreed, because he desired to keep the men occupied and fit. And, whilst they were busy tinkering them up, the hillsmen swarmed and sat down before the gates.

Anxiety did not mount very high at first. The relief column must rapidly be approaching. Our return home was certainly to be delayed for a few days, which was annoying, but meanwhile we had our diversions. It was a change even to find ourselves on siege rations, and potting natives for small wagers was interesting enough, whether one won or lost. Atherton, thinking of his wife, and the children at home, was alone worried. Holroyd was inscrutable.

At the end of a fortnight things looked

much more serious, and our high spirits had suffered diminution. The patience of the waiting Pathans showed no signs of exhaustion; they had twice been reinforced within ten days, and, moreover, our provisions were running low. A Sikh, who swam down river into the fort, related that the hills were blazing furiously, that the Government had their hands full, and that the relief column we had so vainly looked for had been driven down into the plains below. Despair settled down upon us like a cloud. The constant rifle fire showered from the hillside surmounting the fort rendered exercise impossible and began to play on our nerves. Things looked very black indeed when it was announced that we could hold out a week more and no longer. Afterwards it would mean an open fight to the end, and, viewing the numbers of the natives, that end was a foregone conclusion.

We were gloomily discussing the situation at mess that night when Holroyd, to our great surprise, interposed.

"There is one chance you have entirely overlooked," he said. "The river boats are watertight, the rains are commencing, and the nights very dark. It is a desperate venture, but under the cover of darkness you might float down the river and be quite clear by dawn. To me it seems to be the only course it is possible to adopt."

The objections to the proposition were, of course, innumerable; but, quietly and firmly, he disposed of them one by one. It was, he urged, as well to die fighting in the boats as to remain and be slaughtered in the fort. Of relief, unless it fell from the skies, there was not the shadow of a hope. He sat late with us discussing the proposition, and finally awakened in us some little hope and enthusiasm. We decided to make the attempt the following night, and Providence guided us to that decision.

For the next morning the Pathans, who, up to now, had waited so patiently, seemed to go mad. They surged down upon us again and again, only to be mowed down by the guns or bayoneted by the hard-faced Tommies.

As the day progressed, it became clearly apparent that they were madly eager to settle the question of the fort without loss of time. Their action could bear only one interpretation: relief was approaching.



"'There is one chance you have entirely overlooked,' he said."

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"We will float right into the British lines, if the beggars don't learn too quickly that we are missing," smiled Atherton. "That's the point I don't like. Our sudden silence will mystify them and stir up their curiosity. Still, we must risk that!"

Towards nightfall the natives drew back into the hills, but their fire did not slacken. For two hours we did not reply, whilst they kept it up. At last they came creeping forward to investigate, and, when they were almost within the shadows of the walls, we let them have it full. They retreated, yelling and screaming, their lesson well learnt. Before half an hour had passed we were in the boats, drifting rapidly down the swollen, spated river. Hardly had we started when the Pathans recommenced fusillading the fort. They were evidently desperate in the extreme. Atherton looked black as he listened.

"They are returning to the attack again. Their signal fires will be flashing down the hill before five minutes are over."

The howling of the natives became each moment more distinct.

"If I'd only stayed at the guns to frighten them off a bit," growled Atherton again.

His wife was sitting in the sternsheets, well muffled up, her head in a wrap.

"But," she said suddenly, "Mr. Holroyd is there—he will do that."

"What?" cried Atherton.

She repeated her remark and added, "But I thought you knew. He said it had been arranged between you."

The major's face was like steel. He leaned over the side of the punt and, regardless of danger, fairly shouted an inquiry to the other boats. Before it had circulated or its import been grasped, one of the fort guns spoke loud above the din of the natives, then a second and a third, and we knew that up there, beneath the flag drooping in the sultry stillness, the chaplain was striving to hold at bay single-handed almost a thousand savage Pathans in order that we might go free. To stem the current was impossible; to get back by land in time was hopeless, for we were already more than a mile away. Atherton, his face buried in his hands,

groaned. Then he raised a white, savage face to his sobbing wife.

"You knew," he snapped. "You willingly left him there to die!"

"I did not," she cried half hysterically. "He told me it was arranged. He said they would not hurt him—that we might not hope to escape unless someone was there to hold them off for a time—and that, if it was to be so, he would be glad to die—"

"Glad to die!" echoed the major through his set teeth, his eyes blazing scorn at her.

She sat upright, strangely still.

"Fourteen years ago he loved a woman who could not love him. He loves her now as he did then. That is why he is glad to die."

Atherton laughed harshly. "A trumpety story which would deceive a woman only," he exclaimed.

"It is no story," she said. "I know! I am the woman!"

After that there were no words. We drifted on through the blackness in complete silence, except for Mrs. Atherton, who was again quietly weeping. The major sat gazing at her, stunned and dazed by her revelation. Back at the fort an ominous stillness now prevailed.

Suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air. We turned, to see the fort rise in flame and grandeur to the heavens. The Pathans, by accident or design, or perhaps even the chaplain himself, had fired the magazine.

The major rose to his feet. "God bless poor Holroyd," he said in a voice husky and unsteady. "He's—he's saved us."

And we, bareheaded to the night, echoed the sentiment, though we could not speak. Our hearts were too full for that—too full as we thought of the poor, undersized little chaplain with the sunken, sad eyes, who, back there, standing alone beneath the drooping flag, had died so nobly and been so glad to die. It was indeed, "God bless poor Holroyd!"

Mrs. Atherton, huddled together in the stern, still sobbed quietly as we glided onwards through the blackness to the safety of the British lines.





The HOME DEPARTMENT

HOW TO MAKE SIMPLE SAUCES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

COOKERY books, unless of the most practical description, have a very light and airy way of ending up a recipe with the phrase "Serve with sauce." Sometimes the nature of the accompanying sauce is more or less indicated by the addition of the words "sweet," "piquant," etc., though as a rule these are omitted, and the young housewife is often at a loss to know, not only what particular sauce should be served with the dish she has chosen, but also how it should be cooked when her decision has been made.

So many dishes of vegetables, fish, meats and puddings are, to a great extent, dependent upon the sauce which accompanies them, that one would naturally suppose more than ordinary attention would be bestowed on this branch of cookery, whereas a very cursory review of the subject compels one to admit that the average "general" is completely ignorant of the very rudiments of the art, and even the professed cook often sends up carelessly prepared and badly flavoured sauces, calculated to detract from, rather than to increase, the appetites of her victims. In the ordinary household the sauces required are simple and do not necessitate much expense either as regards quantity or quality of the ingredients. (By "quality" luxuries, such as cream and expensive flavourings, are to be understood—not that the quality of the comestibles used in the sauce should not be as good as the housekeeping funds will permit.) The want of attention and lack of time bestowed on the cooking process are more often the

cause of failure than are the component parts of the sauce, as is also the neglect of the simple rules which constitute the whole foundation of sauce-making.

Let us investigate these causes of failure and endeavour to find a solution of the difficulty.

The sauce is lumpy because the liquid had been added to the flour too quickly or in too great a quantity at one time, and the flour, being of a starchy nature, swells unevenly, and lumps are the natural sequence. The sauce is oily because the flour and the butter, the principal bases of plain sauces, were not thoroughly blended and cooked together before the liquid was added.

The sauce tastes of flour, or is rough and coarse to the palate because it is insufficiently cooked. Many inexperienced cooks imagine that sauces are ready for table as soon as they thicken, and that they must not be boiled. Sauces that are thickened with eggs such as Dutch (hollandaise), custard sauce, etc., and which contain no flour, must *not* be boiled, but those whose thickening is obtained with flour *must* be boiled for *several minutes* to ensure the starchy grains being perfectly cooked.

How to Make Melted Butter

Melted butter, sometimes called "white sauce" and "sauce blanche," forms the foundation of many sauces, and according to the dish it is destined to accompany, flavouring, either sweet or savoury, is added.

A saucepan, preferably one of wrought

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iron, lined with good enamel, should be kept for this special purpose. It must be ascertained that it is spotlessly clean before it is used, and has no odour reminiscent of the last sauce prepared in the vessel.

The usual recipe for a homely sauce is 1 oz. of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of liquid.

Cut the butter into several pieces (if this is not done there is a chance that the outer, first melted part may become slightly coloured, which will ruin the appearance of the white sauce), and when it has melted add the flour *gradually*, stirring all the time. Hold the saucepan over the fire and cook the paste for a minute, beating continuously with a wooden spoon.

Now for the liquid, be it milk, stock or water. It must be added *very gradually* and the stirring never cease. The best method is to hold the saucepan in the left hand, so that it is above and does not rest on the fire, for if the mixture cooks too quickly, lumps are bound to form. If they do, draw the saucepan away from the heat and beat the lumps out with the back of the spoon, then continue stirring until perfect smoothness is restored. When all the liquid has been poured into the sauce, boil it, still stirring, for five or six minutes. It is now ready for flavouring.

Every sauce is at its best directly the cooking process is finished, and it should, if possible, be served immediately. This is not, however, always convenient. If it is left in the saucepan there is a danger that it may burn; and if poured into the tureen and kept hot in the oven, the top becomes hardened. The best and simplest plan is to put the sauce into a double saucepan in which there is hot but not boiling water, or failing this, it may be put into a jar which is stood in a saucepan of hot water placed on the stove.

To Prepare Roux

There are two kinds of roux, white and brown, and they are both very useful preparations, especially in a household where much has to be accomplished with a single pair of hands. The roux can be made in quantities at leisure, as it will keep for months, and is always ready when needed.

Take equal quantities of good, fresh butter and flour. Dry the flour on a large dish in front of the fire or on the plate-rack

over the stove, and pass it through a fine sieve. The butter must be clarified. Place it in a saucepan, melt it, and then let it stand for a little while. Skim off the surface, pour the oily portion away, leaving the curd-like substance at the bottom undisturbed. If necessary, warm again, and add the flour, very little at a time, stirring briskly. This mixture must be cooked for some minutes, but on no account must it be allowed to acquire any colour. When ready place in an earthenware jar and cover. This is used for making white sauces, thickening white soups, etc. Brown roux is composed of precisely the same ingredients and made by the same process, but it is cooked until it has become a bright brown colour. It must stand in the saucepan until it ceases to bubble, when it is put into a jar. The roux can be mixed with either hot or cold liquids. If the former, it is moistened with a spoonful of the liquid, then poured into the remainder and stirred until it boils; if the latter, it requires merely mixing and boiling. In both cases boiling is essential to obtain the proper consistency.

Sauces with a Melted Butter Foundation

The epicure who averred that a new sauce constituted a new dish, knew what he was talking about, and as there are occasions when, from force of circumstances, the same dish must appear with great frequency, it is marvellous to note how a fresh sauce will change the complexion of things and add relish to what might otherwise prove a distasteful meal. There are, too, many insipid, albeit wholesome and economical viands which become delicious when served with a well-flavoured and carefully made sauce. Take, for instance, hake; not a very attractive fish, but especially nutritious and good for children. It can be accompanied with a variety of sauces—egg, anchovy, parsley, caper, shrimp or lemon. (There are, of course, other sauces, but I am dealing to-day with those that have melted butter as a foundation.) Given some hot or cold milk (or water) and a little white roux, the only other necessary ingredient is either a couple of hard-boiled eggs, essence of anchovy, chopped parsley or capers, shelled shrimps, or the juice of a lemon. Egg sauce may be varied by cutting the whites into tiny pieces and adding them to the

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white sauce. The yolks are rubbed through a wire sieve and sprinkled over the fish until it is completely covered with the "golden rain."

Plain melted butter is the sauce universally served with vegetables. It is poured over artichokes (Palestine), cauliflowers, boiled onions, parsnips, broad beans (with a little chopped parsley added), salsify, sea-kale and chicory. It is also used to moisten macaroni cheese, fish pies, vegetables and fish cooked *au gratin*, etc.

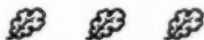
To convert melted butter into a sweet sauce a small quantity of castor sugar is

added after the liquid has been stirred in. The flavour and colouring are put in at the same time.

Ginger sauce is a favourite accompaniment to puddings of the boiled batter description. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of melted butter add 1 gill of the syrup of preserved ginger and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. A few pieces of the ginger may be cut up very small and added to the sauce.

A pretty sauce is made by colouring the melted butter with carmine or cochineal. Chopped *glacé* cherries may be added if liked.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages. Letters, which must have a stamped envelope enclosed, should be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



THE NEW SHELTER FOR HOMELESS WOMEN

The Result of Mrs. Mackirdy's Appeal

I have much pleasure in stating that Mrs. Mackirdy's Appeal in our March number has met with a hearty response from our readers.

The following amounts have been received up to March 27th towards the erection of the proposed shelter. It is very probable that others of our readers who followed with interest Mrs. Mackirdy's article will have it on their minds to help in this good work; if so I shall be pleased to receive contributions. They should be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Bubb	20	0	0	Miss R. Kintz	0	10	0
Miss K. Steph	5	0	0	Sympathiser	0	5	0
A. C. E.	5	0	0	Mrs. Curteis	0	5	0
J. P. Fry	1	1	0	Anon. (Lower Clatford)	0	5	0
T. S. Penny	1	1	0	"Y" (York)	0	5	0
W. E. Chance	1	1	0	Mrs. Cronk	0	5	0
James Eckersby	1	1	0	Miss W. R. Hodgson	0	5	0
Lady Katharine Hardy	1	0	0	Mary Cooper	0	2	6
A. E. (Farnham)	1	0	0	H. G. (Bude)	0	2	6
"Thankoffering"	1	0	0	Per Angus Halstead	0	2	6
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0	Miss Coyell	0	2	6
Miss Joy	1	0	0	A. W. Davies	0	2	0
H. Bushby	0	10	0				
Friend and Reader of THE QUIVER (Cambridge)	0	10	0				
Arthur Davies	0	10	0				
					£43	6	0



Sunday School Number

THIS number is designed to help on the great work of the Sunday School. But obviously it cannot do so unless it gets into the hands of those for whom it is intended. May I appeal to all my readers to bring this issue under the notice of their own particular friends who are Sunday School workers, or who ought to be? Why not send a copy to each of your Sunday School friends? This will be helping on the good work of strengthening the Sunday School system.



A Toy Epidemic

THE Editorial Offices just now are choked with toys, the result of our Toy-making Competition closing on April 29th. Every post for weeks past has brought a consignment of little and big parcels, and these notes are penned in a world of yachts, garden cities, model houses, and dolls. Of course, the work of judging has not yet commenced. It will be started as soon after April 29th as possible. There are some busy times and some anxious moments ahead, but hundreds of hearts of little folks are going to be gladdened when there comes the distribution of the good things made by my readers. Many thanks to all who have helped to make the Competition a success.



"The Child in the Midst"

THIS being our Sunday School Number, it is particularly appropriate for me to call attention to a little pamphlet written by Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., entitled "The Child in the Midst," issued by the Sunday School Union. There are a great number of Sunday School workers absolutely ignorant of many of the branches of the Union's work, and in this brief form we are given a succinct account of the ramifications of the S.S.U.

work, and a wide circulation of this interesting little dossier cannot fail to do good. Mr. Mathews is the author of "The Fascinated Child," a book which has gone to the heart of all lovers of children, and which has been of great service to those engaged in Sunday School work.



A Grain of Iron in the Blood

"DUTY and Discipline" is the general title of a series of leaflets which are being published through Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, "not for profit, but with a view to counteract the lack of adequate moral training and discipline, the effects of which are so apparent in these days amongst many British children, in rich as well as in poor homes." The preface to the series continues: "Where such conditions are not apparent, it is yet advisable to closely scrutinise present educational and social developments lest relaxed discipline, false sentiment, or an immoderate pursuit of pleasure should tend to weaken the moral fibre of the children. The writers feel strongly that the present juvenile indiscipline is a serious social danger, and a peril to the permanent security of the Empire. In this view they are supported by many men and women eminent in varying lines of thought and action." The authors include the Earl of Meath, Bishop Welldon, Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton (the Head Master of Eton College), the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of London, etc. The leaflets are quite short, only cost 1d. each, and are a much-needed tonic in view of the laxity and effeminacy which are increasing dangers at the present time. Here are some of the titles: "Our Children: Are We Doing the Best for Them?" "Duty and Discipline in the Training of Children," "A Spoilt Child," "Endure Hardness," "The Decay of Parental Responsibility," etc. Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., will send full list on application.

CONVERSATION CORNER

"The Privy Slanderer"

IN response to my request for criticisms of the story "The Privy Slanderer," which appeared in my March number, I have received about a hundred and fifty letters, and communications continue to arrive almost by every post. I should like to thank most cordially those who have gone to the trouble of sending me a letter on the subject. I was able to give selections from a few of the earlier letters in the advertisement section of last month's issue. But, of course, it is impossible to print even a representative selection. I should say that about two-thirds of my correspondents expressed the view that Miss Ada Cambridge was justified in her delineation of "The Privy Slanderer." Many, out of their own experience, have verified the facts, showing that such a case as the author gave was by no means isolated. Shall I, however, be departing from editorial impartiality if I say that the other third—those letters of a more critical nature—attracted me more? I want to thank these correspondents for, in almost every case, admitting the claims of a story with which they were in disagreement to a place in this magazine. And I can thank some of them the more for the careful and impartial manner in which they have noted the weak points in the story. I am giving prizes to Miss Florence E. Culverwell, of 13, Buckleigh Road, Streatham Common, whose letter appears in the advertisement section of this issue, and Mr. J. H. Cushing, of Allonby, near Maryport, whose letter was inserted in the advertisement section of last month's number.

The Coronation

THE eyes of the world are turning to Westminster in view of the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary in June. The first place in my next number is taken by an article on "The Coronation: The Religious Meaning of an Ancient Ceremony." Another article which will be read with great interest is devoted to Sir Frederick Bridge, Director of the Coronation Music. It is illustrated with some fine, hitherto unpublished photographs of Sir Frederick.

Newspaper Knight-Errants

IN spite of temptations to truckle to wealthy interests, and to avoid risk by silence, the Press of England has, upon the whole, realised some of its responsibilities, and has been instrumental in effecting some mighty reforms. An article in my next month's number, entitled "The Press as Reformer," endeavours to give honour where honour is due. It is an interesting story—what the Press has done in the cause of justice and right, and one which is apt to be forgotten.

"The Girl's Wasted Years"

WHAT must we do with our girls? "is a problem of increasing difficulty. Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B., has written for me a forceful article on "The Girl's Wasted Years"—an article which ought to be read by every parent and every girl. It will appear in the June issue. Other articles are: "Rings and their Symbolism," "Social Graces in the Home," "What to do with Gooseberries," etc. Whilst the stories include: "The Touchstone," by Kate Seaton; "The Affections of a Saint," by Dorothy Hilton; "A Pard-like Spirit: A Story of Resker's Rents," by Mary Bradford Whiting; and "George the First—Pauper," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Our Jubilee

IN the autumn of this year we shall be celebrating the jubilee of THE QUIVER. I shall be glad to receive from my readers short reminiscences of their connection with this magazine—their recollections of early numbers, the place the magazine has had in the home life of the last generation, incidents where something which has appeared in the magazine has influenced lives, etc. For the best letter relating to the jubilee of THE QUIVER I shall be pleased to award a handsome volume. The latest date for receiving letters is June 10th. A longer time, however, will be allowed for foreign and colonial readers.

The Editor

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK FOR GIRLS

IN connection with the above, a prize for Seaming has been awarded to Dorothea G. Rae, Sale, Cheshire.

The following are highly commended:—Cordelia Wallace, Isabel Dobson, Marjorie Peck, Kitty King, Grace Tune, C. R. Pitcairn, Eileen Macturk, Yvonne Martin, M. Tylden-Patterson, Mollie Burgess, M. L. Collingwood, J. Richold, Nora Hall, Mary L. Tingle.



EAST BERGHOLT ABBEY.

Towards the Light

The Story of "The Escaped Nun"

THERE is nothing so truly pathetic as the striving of an earnest soul after the highest and the noblest, and the realisation that what one has striven for has been a delusion and a hollow mockery.

Two years ago the country was startled with the story that a nun had escaped from East Bergholt Monastery at night, under dramatic circumstances of flight, pursuit, and almost recapture, and final freedom. The story of "The Escaped Nun,"* published subsequently, has had an extraordinary sale. The book met with a mixed reception—sympathy and indignation from some people, abuse, vituperation from others.

Doubtless, many of my readers are already familiar with Miss Moulton's story; if not, they will find in it material for much reflection. Briefly Miss Moulton tells how she was brought up as a Catholic—with the traditional respect for the holy life of a convent; she tells how, in her school days, she came into contact with nuns and priests; how gradually came the desire to have a "vocation," to leave the world with its follies and its sins, and find in the state of an "enclosed"

the highest, purest form of sacrificial Christian life.

In due time Miss Margaret Moulton became Dame Maurus of the East Bergholt Abbey, but between the time of her entry and that of receiving her profession lay

years of struggle, doubt, suffering and disillusionment. The pathetic spectacle of the long hours of agonising prayers in the chapel for a vision that did not come, the dreary tale of service upon service, formal prayers and Masses, repetition upon repetition of the dry husks of outward formalism; the sordid story of the convent's life—of petty slander, tyranny, backbiting and jealousy; the tragic picture of nuns dying

for want of care and attention; of starving that was not "fasting"; of degradation that was not humility—all this is told simply yet graphically, with just the ingenuous touch of a woman who has suffered and is sore at her treatment. And then we are shown the inward doubts as to the use of it all—the discovery of the mockery of the "sacred things" and the hollowness of the many professions. Finally, the unbearable, the impossible, the unendurable, and then—escape.



MISS MARGARET MOULTON.

* Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

This nearly finishes the story, as far as the book is concerned. For myself, I must confess that it by no means finishes the interest.

I have been able to have several quiet talks with Miss Moulton, and there can be no doubt that she is a woman of considerable charm and personality. Finally I was privileged to visit her at her quiet country retreat. I should state at once that she is now happily married, and to one who is able to give her that peace and seclusion she needs; for, almost incredible as it seems, her enemies cannot forgive her, nor let her alone. Even in the quietness of her country home attempts are frequently made to break in upon her peace; the most cowardly form of attack—that of the anonymous letter—she is constantly exposed to; abuse and slander and violence have been employed, in place of the refutation of her statements which cannot be made.

Several hours I spent with Miss Moulton and her husband in their home not far from a popular seaside resort. The pictures which accompany this simply show her as an ordinary woman at home—just as she longs to be. Her husband is a man of culture—an artist, who, prior to an unfortunate accident a few years ago, which deprived him of the sight of one eye, frequently exhibited in the Royal Academy.

Readers would like to conclude now, at once, and naturally, that Miss Moulton had become a zealous Protestant, a regular church attendant, and an enthusiastic

church worker. May I say that I was not in the least surprised to find that she was none of these? Why should we Protestants desire to make petty sectarian capital out of such a sad story as that "The Escaped Nun" reveals? I should not have been in the least surprised if I had found that Miss Moulton's bitter experiences of Romanism had produced a total reaction against all forms of religion.

That is what is happening to-day in hundreds and thousands of cases in France and other countries. No, from the intimate talk I had, I knew that Miss Moulton has her own religion; she is endeavouring to get back to the fundamentals of the faith. We spoke of the witness of the Bible, the quite simple facts of the life of Jesus Christ, of how He quarrelled with the religious professors of His day, of how He preached simple faith and kindly deeds. Miss Moulton prefers to leave dogmatism to the dogmatic, and what she asks for is just peace. It is a pathetic spectacle—that of a woman

who has been crushed in the iron machine of ecclesiasticism. Is it to be wondered at that what she requires is not the disputations of the doctors, but the ministration of kindly nature—the rest of soul and the occupation of mind and body that will let her forget the sadness and disillusionment of her experiences, and enable her to build up a living, vital, working faith?

Meanwhile—why do people tyrannise, and persecute, and slander, in the name of religion? That, to me, is the eternal mystery.

H. D. W.



MISS MOULTON AND HER HUSBAND.



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

A GREETING to you, each and all, Companions mine! Do you remember, I wonder, that it is exactly a year from this sweet May time that we launched the "Scheme" to which we have given so much thought during recent months? For myself it has been a year enriched with pleasure that I should not have had but for you. For your loving service for Violet has linked us together in a way that would have been impossible otherwise, I believe. "You seem to instil enthusiasm into all of us; I have never read such interesting pages before. Somehow, you seem to make us all know each other," whispers someone: *Kathleen Crago*, isn't it? That is a charming compliment, anyhow. But it expresses precisely what I should like to be the real fact. I trust that common service for others will be a golden bond that shall unite us even more closely during the coming days. That is long enough, surely, for the President's opening speech. Let us get to business.

Everyone will agree that it is a particularly happy event that we should have in this anniversary month to announce the details about our new protégé. But first you will ask, What is the news of Violet? Here is her latest letter. Our joy must be great because of the happiness that the year has brought to her. Listen to what she says:

"DEAR ALISON,—I received your letter, and also several others from members of THE QUIVER, and was also pleased to get so many Christmas cards, and thank the girls very much. I had just a lovely Christmas. Santa Claws gave me lots of things. Helen and I hung up our stockings on the big pillar of the mantel, and they were full to the top, and our presents on the hearth. We had lots of aunts and uncles for Christmas. The children all went out to the toboggan after dinner, then the big sleigh took them home after tea. They all live six miles away, in another town. Mother and Helen and I spent three days at New Year in M—. They had twenty for dinner on New Year's

Day. We had a big drive after the ponies, and we came home on the train. Mother made me a pretty green plaid princess dress, and Helen a blue middy. We each had a set of dishes to play with the dolls and 'Puggy.' When we slide down the hill in front of our house 'Puggy' runs after us, and pulls off our toboggan caps, and jumps on the sleigh, and we have to pull him up. Papa gives us lots of fast sleigh drives to school. Helen and I go to the Y.W.C.A. every Saturday for sewing and cooking lessons. Mother pays for us; and then we have a little tea-party and gymnasium till 5.30, and then go home. I passed into the Second Part at Christmas. We go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. It's a new great big church, and when the picture postal cards of it come out I'll send you one. I am sending cards to the girls, and this letter will do for them and you too, Alison. Sometimes we have awful cold weather—20° and more below zero; but we don't mind it much; our house is always as warm as toast, and school too. Outside we have to run to keep warm. I haven't had a cold this winter. Give my love to all the members of the How, When and Where Corner, and yourself.—Your affectionate

"VIOLET LITTLE."

"What a jolly letter!" I guessed that would be the chorus when it was read. The letters which interest us all most are those that give the homely details that bring our correspondents very near, and Violet certainly can write an excellent letter for a child of her age. What a stimulus to our effort to know that she is so prosperous, and being cared for so splendidly!

The second item on our agenda is "Our New Protégé." How I wished that I had a deputation from our Companionship to help me when I went down to Stepney the other day! The Secretary of the Homes had kindly arranged for me to meet several boys from whom I should make a choice for you. It was fortunate that I had been to the big fête in the Albert Hall a few weeks earlier. It gave us something of mutual interest to talk about. And, naturally, we had a good deal to say regarding Canada. All of the boys to whom I was talking were sailing

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

within a few days. The difficulty was that I felt I should like to adopt at least three of them for you, then and there. However, that could not be, but in *David Morrison* we have a little comrade who will, I hope, be welcomed by every Companion. The picture here shows David as he was some while back, when admitted to the Homes. Now he looks much happier, and is, indeed, a jolly little man. Before he sailed on the *Sicilian* I wrote him a letter, and sent your good wishes with my own. You will like to hear his note in reply. This is it:

"DEAR MISS ALISON,—I am quite well and happy, and I was very glad to have a letter from you, and I shall write to you as often as I can. I shall be very happy when I get to Canada. I did not know that you were going to write to me. I was a singer at the Albert Hall, and it was very good indeed. I shall always be happy, and when I grow up and learn a trade I shall go on a farm, and send some money to my mother. Now I shall always be writing to you. Could you send me a stamped envelope to write to you? Now I send my love to all the little boys and girls. And now I send my love to you, and shall have to close my letter.—From your loving friend,
"DAVID."

David is 9½ years old, and has no father. His mother, of whom he writes, is one of those many, many poor brave women who work ever so hard to keep their homes and children all together when the father is dead, but who find it more than they can accomplish, and who have sorrowfully to own themselves beaten. She tried pluckily, but by and by Dr. Barnardo's helpers came to the rescue, and now we are going to see that David has the best chance he can have for growing into a good and useful man. Presently we shall hear about his voyage and his early experience in the big new country to which he has gone. We shall all hope that he will be as fortunate as Violet. Probably some of our boy Companions will wish to write to David. If so, please tell me. I am looking forward to all sorts of exhibitions of genius on their part, for we shall naturally expect them to take a particular interest in David, shall we not, girls? There ought to be a friendly rivalry that will be not only amusing to us, but impelling one and all to brisker work. Boy members,

please note: we wait your comment and action.

The Month's Budget

From the budget of the month's correspondence I can give you only a selection. Let me say at the outset that I am delighted to find the suggestions which *Harold Naish* and *Ivy Slessor* made so well endorsed by you. The list of those who make definite promises of quarterly or yearly contributions is growing. Perhaps next month I may be able to print a copy of it. *Vera Black* says: "I shall give 2s. I think this a very good idea of Harold's, and on it we should manage

to keep, I think, another child, and with the Companionship always growing, we might even be able to keep three in the near future. It would be delightful." That letter was written before *Vera* had seen the *MARCH QUIVER*. But it is expressive of what others have said. *Arthur Smart* writes: "I have been thinking a lot about the Scheme, and have come to the conclusion that it is a very good one. If every Companion does his part, we shall be able not only to adopt another protégé, but another two or three. The idea is full of possibilities. I will promise a shilling every three months. Of course, I shall not limit



DAVID MORRISON.

myself to a shilling, as I hope to be able to send gifts in the meantime." And *Gladys Richards* says: "I think I could send 2s. a quarter. I think the suggestions that *Ivy Slessor* and *Harold Naish* made were very good. I like the photo of *Violet*. She looks very happy with her doll. It would be very nice if we could keep two children in Canada; I think we could if we tried very hard." *Mary West* writes that she and *Hilda Wilson* "are hoarding up all our little treasures for the next bazaar." Something's afoot in *Macduff*, evidently. *Cameron Muirie*, *Alice King*, *Kathleen Crago*, *Daisy Valentine*, *Enid* and *Ida Jones*, *Ida M. Wood*, *Hilda Otway* and *Dora Brogdale* are others who make promises of regular sums to be given or collected.

THE QUIVER

Hints for Working

There is nothing very fresh in the hints for working our Scheme in the letters you sent me. But I am not surprised. For we discussed the matter with thoroughness last year. The prizes which are won are for letters in which definite plans are set out with special clearness and conciseness. One goes to our old chum *Vera Andrews* (aged 13; Wimbledon Park), who thinks the collecting of pennies is a sensible plan.

"Every penny which we put down (on a card) would be a little sacrifice for us, and would benefit us as well as the receiver. When we had filled eight cards we should have collected exactly £1. If ten of us did that we should soon collect £10. When we had gathered £1 we might put that big amount down in one of your little books and go on collecting again. In this way we should heap up quite a nice little pile, and in a while be able to help even a third little girl with our money. We should be living up to our motto, and that is what we are aiming for all the time."

One of our newer friends, *Ida M. Wood* (aged 14; Alvaston, Derby), wins another prize. *Ida* tells me that she is putting aside part of money that she receives when she attains certain marks at school. "I think," she says,

"It will be easier for the Companions to put a little money away every week, rather than to give it all at the end of the quarter. I know that it will be for me. I shall keep a box on purpose for the Fund, and put twopence a week into it. I shall be delighted to think we shall be able to adopt more protégés if our Scheme succeeds, as I think it will. Of course, as you say, we shall have two or three children instead of one to keep, but we shall be able to manage it if we get very enthusiastic, and try our very best."

Evelyn Betts (aged 17; Clapham Park) sends me a letter which is full of interest. She is already in charge of a piece of Barnardo work, and did not at first see her way to undertake any further responsibility—which I quite understood. Then, in a continuation, she adds:

"I have just got the February *QUIVER*, and naturally I read the contents of our Corner at once. After reading about the Scheme I felt more than ever how much I should like to have some share in it. Well, I have come to the conclusion that I must manage something. I think perhaps I might adopt the system of trading—that is, to buy a piece of needlework of some description, and after putting the necessary work into it, I might be able to sell it to a friend. Then I could buy more materials with the money received, and so continue to make profit in this way. Of course, the next article I should buy would be of greater value, and then I should be able to sell it for a good bit more than the first piece of work. I hope this plan will act; anyhow, I can try it."

To Evelyn goes the third book.

Evangeline Steel (aged 14; Nelson) sends me one of the neatest letters I have ever had, though it is only like all of hers:

"I don't know of many suggestions, but if any of our Companions have cameras they could photograph

scenes, and try to sell them. I think of taking up photography, and if it turns out to be a success I will send some of the money I get by it to our Scheme."

We wish *Evangeline* a busy and prosperous summer with her camera. This is certainly a hint that may be profitable to a number of you. To *Evangeline* the fourth book, please.

Then *Ida Jones* (aged 16; Cardiff), who wins one of the books, comments on penny collecting, and proposes that Companions should ask friends to give them so many pennies a month. "If ten friends would give threepence a month that would be £1 10s. a year." This is excellent.

Dora Dewhurst, *Nora Goble*, *Daisy Valentine*, and others have written on similar lines to these letters, and I thank you all. *Nora* concludes: "Would it not be lovely if we could get three or four of the boys and girls from the slums? I don't think we all quite know how bad it is there, do you?"

If everyone who has been advising us acts promptly on these wise ideas we shall have an even more happy year than last. Now translate all your good thoughts into real, tangible expression, if you please!

Here let us introduce to each other the new Companions who have been patiently waiting all this time. For *James Graham* (Glasgow) I need hardly ask a specially warm welcome when I tell you that he is quite blind and deaf. We should like to help you to see many things from which you are away, *James*, and we hope you will give us some of the thought-delights which, I trust, you have very many, and in which you are perhaps richer than we. *Girtie Budd* (Woolston, Hants); *Isabella Downie* (Longmanhill by Banff); *Winifred Bainbridge* (Radford); *Arthur Ralph Knowles* (Elenthera, Bahamas); *James* and *David Melrose* (Peebles); *Hilda Otway* (St. Paul's, Grenada); *Dorothy Powell* (Cardiff); *Annie Anderson* (Edrom, N.B.); *J. Victor Dobie* (Glasgow); *Alfred E. Evans* (Birmingham); *Barbara Lyall* (Macduff); *Fey M. Pickard* (Leeds); and *Elsie Skinner* (Macduff), are additions to our Companionship, and we wish them and ourselves joy of their coming.

You will be interested to hear that *Margaret Farbridge* has come home from Japan to go to school. Such a jolly letter came from her the other day, and in it was a postal order for three more shillings, made by the sale of pincushions in the Far East. And inside also was another treat for me. This was a very kind letter note from *Margaret's* grandmamma, Mrs. Watkins. I am not going to read it all to you, but she says that *THE QUIVER* is a favourite magazine with them, and that her own mother "had

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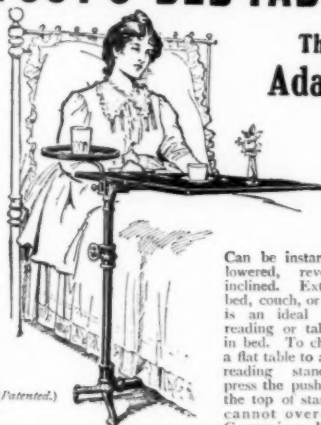
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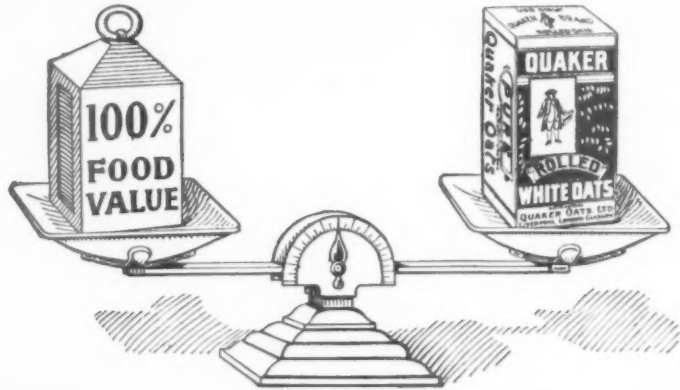
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

it always." "Grandpapa and I," adds Mrs. Watkins, "were quite proud to see that Margaret had won a prize." A gift for the Violet Fund was added to the letter. Margaret is to study very hard at school, and does not expect to have time for work for our Fund, but says she, "I have made up my mind to put id. in the Fund and send the money every three months—I mean id. of my pocket-money in a week." Margaret thinks she likes Japan better than England to live in. "It is warmer, and not so dull," she explains. We shall be disappointed if letters do not come occasionally, Margaret.

You may recollect that a short time ago I was pitying the poor baby Indian brides of whom *Alice Dalgliesh* wrote. A recent letter comes from her in which she notes:

"I don't think I pity them as much as you do. They go back to their father's house after the wedding, and do not see their bridegrooms again till they are fifteen. They are very solemn and 'grown-up,' for they are never allowed to forget that they are 'only girls,' and they think it the greatest honour possible that anyone should condescend to marry them. Of course, if they become Christians it is different, and they are allowed to choose their own husbands. Our gardener had one son and seven daughters—to his disgust. He told me 'Girl no good—too much botheration have to find husband for her.' I believe he is still looking for two or three husbands."

You have not converted me one bit toward your opinion, Alice, as regards the poor little heathen maidens. Your gardener must have been amusing.

By the way, Alice thinks that all the proper, uninteresting girls in books are called "Alice" or "Mary." Who will take up the challenge? Tell me of fiction heroines named "Alice" or "Mary," who may be considered the exceptions to the rule that Alice has declared? That is a competition for you!

And yet another entertaining epistle is from *Helen Strong*, who writes about her Hertfordshire home. The "house was built in the Tudor Period, and there is a hole where the priests used to hide in the Reformation; also a long passage which leads to St. Albans, but is now blocked up." Have you re-peopled the house in your imagination, Helen? If so, you should tell us some stories. What a background for romance you have! Why didn't you try our Story Competition? If you are fond of essay writing, I shall expect something brilliant of you one of these days.

Marguerite Beck writes from Cape Colony that she is thinking of getting up a little sale in which some of her friends will help. This for our Fund.

Noel Brydon's hobby is carpentering, and he is making a boat. "I am going," he

remarks, "to knit a scarf and sell it to mother if she will buy it, and then I will send you some money for the Fund." *Ralph Hill* has entered a strenuous life as a business man, but says he is not going to forget our work together, and will lend a hand whenever he is able. Indeed, our business men are increasing in number. *Sam James* has to be at his office till six o'clock, and he writes me of his music and shorthand and other evening occupations, and of his interest in our Corner. His brothers and sister are all among our contributors. From South Africa I have a letter from *Mrs. Uys*, whose love for her own small daughter of three makes her eager to add to the safety and happiness of those who are less treasured. *Meta Uys*, too, wrote by the same mail. They had had a terrible hailstorm. "After the storm was over I went to the flower garden," wrote Meta, "but not a single flower was left; so all the trouble we had taken with the flowers had been for nothing." We have summer-time disasters in our gardens, Meta, but few as bad as that! *Kathleen Collyer's* dear little letter—it travelled all the way from Ontario, Canada—tells me that her "Daddy" reads our chats to her, and that her cousin is going to join our Companionship. *Peggy Allen* likes sitting in the trees in her garden and watching the birds and "things that are going on around. Some very handsome chaffinches, tomtits, robins, mavis, blackbirds, and starlings have to be fed every morning. The rooks have begun to nest, and they make a great noise early in the morning." We should like a letter full of your own observations, please, Peggy, and will you tell me which birds you think could have eaten all my sweet peas the summer before last? Some did, and so cutely that they were never caught at it; just the poor, hollow husks of the seeds were left lying on the ground, and that was the end. There was a most exciting sentence in *Catherine and Doris Amos's* last communication: "Nora [Nora Goble] and we have just thought of a little plan which we hope will prove a success." It is something to do with our Scheme, but what? *Peggy Macpherson* thinks that Companions who get ten new members might be made "Captains," and those who get twelve might be "Knights." Does anyone desire to be "knighted"? *Walter Bridge* has three hobbies—carpentering, football, and reading. Oh! football should be first—I see! "I am trying to find a way to get some money for the Scheme," he confesses. With such a practically useful hobby as carpentering that will not be a great difficulty, will it, Walter? *Janet Kidd* asks,

THE QUIVER

"Is there any certain age for becoming a member of our Companionship?" No, Janet, none. *James Henderson, Maggie Gillespie, Hettie Joubert, Nellie Fraser, Isabel Taylor, Madge Brierley, Gladys West, Agnete Brostrom, Irene Knight, Gertrude Allam, Frances Winser, Clarice Hilton, and all other correspondents, will you accept my thanks?*

Someone asks for the result of the Story Competition for Companions abroad. The prize is being despatched to *Alice King* (Jamaica) for a pretty fairy sketch, "A Night in Fairyland." I should like to give a word of encouragement to *Muriel Nelson* (East Kew, Australia). Try again, Muriel. Another story from Australia that pleased me especially was sent in by *Christina Bryant*. Unfortunately Christina was not

eligible, as she was not a member of our Companionship; but I hope she will join us and be successful in our competitions.

I hope many of you will try to redeem the character of the "Alices" and "Marys." See if you cannot find us some who have been worthy of the title "heroine." We shall want to know the names of the writers of the stories and of the books in which they live. Will you send the competition papers by May 31st, and don't forget the Rules.

Good-bye for to-day: a happy month for everyone.—Your friend,

Alison.

All young people are invited to become Companions in the "How, When and Where" Corner. Those desiring to join should fill in the coupon in the advertisement section, and send, with penny stamp for certificate, to "ALISON," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



A NIGHT IN FAIRYLAND

It was a beautiful moonlight night in Fairyland, and the fairies danced gleefully in a large ring around the throne where the Queen of all the fairies sat. She was a most beautiful little creature, with long, silky, golden hair falling all around her, and her Court robe was made of the petals of a large, deep purple Russian violet, trimmed with tiny, glistening dewdrops, hundreds of which were also set in her dazzling crown. Calling one of the dancing fairies, the Queen said to her, "Blue-Bell, have the other fairies come back from the earth yet?"

"Not yet, your Majesty," she answered, with a low, graceful bow.

"Then you may return to your companions, and tell them we wish singing as well as dancing," said the Queen graciously. Blue-Bell retired with another bow.

In the midst of the dancing and singing three beautiful fairies flew gently down into the centre of the ring, and every fairy stopped her dancing, and stood quietly listening.

The three new-comers bowed low to their Queen, and she bade them tell what each one had done during the day. The first began:

"I visited a poor little sick child on the earth, who had tossed, night after night, on a bed of pain, and whenever sleep did come to her she dreamt horrible dreams. So I took her in my arms and lulled her to sleep, fanning the feverish cheeks with my wings, and whispering sweet dreams of Fairyland in her ear; and when I left her at last she was sleeping sweetly."

"That was indeed an act worthy of a good fairy, Dewdrop," said the Queen softly. "And now, Marigold, 'tis your turn."

"I healed a beautiful butterfly's wing, which a bad boy had almost torn off," said Marigold. "And then I found the boy, and whispered in his ear how cruel he had been, and I put good thoughts into his mind, so that now he will always be kind to insects and animals."

"That also was a worthy—or rather two worthy—deeds," said the Queen, smiling. "Come, tell your tale now, Silver-Wing."

"It was very cold for the earth people where I went to-day," said Silver-Wing, "but the rich were so well wrapped up that they did not mind, but for the poor it was terrible."

"One family was most miserable, cold, and hungry, and there were several small children. I flew along until I saw a kind-looking gentleman, and I waved my wand over him, and wished that he would go and help that poor family. I led him to the house, and he knocked at the door. When he had been let in he questioned the mother, and found that the last penny had been spent."

"Then the gentleman went out, and brought back so many comforts for the mother and children that they were made very happy, and so was the kind gentleman, because he had done a good deed. And the mother whispered to her children that some good fairy had brought the kind gentleman to her door."

The Queen's eyes were full of tears as she said, tenderly: "Ah, Silver-Wing, you have won a rich blessing to-day!"

A little later, those fairies who had been on the earth during the day went to sleep, and some flew down to the earth to scatter sweet dreams and good thoughts, while the rest watched over their beautiful Queen.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Seccotine and Other Things

YOU might work long and perspire freely, but you would not succeed in shaking little Betty's faith in the virtues of Seccotine. It is her Heal All, her panacea for everything which isn't just what it should be. No matter what disasters may have overtaken her doll, Seccotine puts all to rights. Is Dolly decapitated? "Seccy" fixes it to the spine again, and hitherto Dolly has made no complaint of the treatment. Are the arms dislocated and the legs disjoined from the trunk, as crabs sometimes shed theirs in a fright? All's one; "Seccy" joins them again, and it makes no difference if the left leg is put where the right one should be, Dolly gets along as easily as ever.

Betty's father is a doctor, and when she saw him look perplexed as to what to do with a patient whose arm had been broken, Betty said "Seccotine," and said it with the assurance of one who had settled a matter. "I'm afraid your great Cure All won't do in this case, my dear," said the father, and left the small maiden wondering at grown people's stupidity.

One often wishes he had Betty's grounds for believing in the all-sufficient merits of fish glue. Especially when they are little cripples we are dealing with. Let the reader go any Friday morning to the London Hospital and he will understand, with a terrible emphasis, the extreme pathos of the position, for he will find gathered in one room about thirty crippled children, some with crutches, some in their mothers' arms, some lying on their backs on benches. This is the time when the good doctors (and—ask the poor folk—they are *very* good) bring their skill and tenderness to bear on some of the saddest cases they have all the week—saddest above all because the patients are little children, with all a child's wide-eyed wonder at this wonderful world of ours, and a child's yearning to have a share in it. But that share must be to the end a very narrow and limited one; they are cripples, and the good doctors have no Seccotine that will serve. Most of these cripples have to come to the hospital week by week, and few things concerning the struggling poor are more touching than the way the patient mothers rise up a great while before day to cover the distance and be in time with their slow-moving little ones; or the way some rough-handed but kindly-hearted working man will

carry a frail one to the house of some friend near to the hospital, to wait there for an hour or two before opening time, while he keeps his hour at the Works, but calls again in the dinner-time to carry the child home.

But what homes too many of these have, poor little things! Take a sample. A basement room, lit in the daytime only by what light may filter through the grating on the pavement. The only furniture is a bed, a table of a sort, and one chair; yet a man, his wife, and three children live here. He is scheduled as an "unskilled labourer," though the want of skill may be more the fault of his parents than himself. He makes a living of a kind when he is strong and trade is brisk, but when disputes arise or things are slack or he is down with sickness, then it is a common experience, on returning home, to find an iron bar fastened across the door, and he and his family have no place to sleep in till the arrears of rent have been paid. Oh, the pity of the poor for the poor! They will pinch and deny themselves to get, if they can, enough money to unbar that door again. There may not be much romance about the submerged class, but there is a good deal of practical gospel.

It is all sad and pitiful enough, but how much more pitiful in the case of a child cripple. It is about such that the Crutch-and-Kindness League, and the good-hearted folk who are members of it, are concerned. There are at least 12,000 cripples of this sort in London alone who rarely see a kind face from out of the world of strength and light, unless it be that of a visitor from the Ragged School—a sympathetic volunteer. And the causes are not difficult to find, for, however humane or tender-hearted a person may be, there is the difficulty of knowing such cases, and knowing them to be *bona fide*; and again, it is sometimes impossible for the best-hearted to find time for visiting the wee sufferers, nor, in the case of children, is this always expedient. Yet there are the poor wee afflicted prisoners of God on the one hand, and willing, sympathetic hearts on the other. How can they be brought together? *By the Post Office!* It is all that membership of the Crutch-and-Kindness League involves—that each member shall have the name and address of one such cripple, with all particulars of the case given, in order to write him or her a letter once a

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month, or, failing the letter from any cause, send some toy, bit of ribbon, flower or similar token to let the wee, waiting, expecting one see that he or she has not been forgotten. How these letters are prized! How often they have quietly to be taken from under the pillow when the little one's sufferings are for ever over!

Who cannot render this loving service, whether old or young, living near or in the ends of the earth? The only fee is one shilling at entrance, to cover expenses of working; there is no other. The names of new members are given here from month to month, and a glance at the subjoined list will show something of the world-wide extent of this mercifulness. All further particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Flo Ambrose, Ilford, Essex; Miss Dorothy Annesley, Derrylin, Co. Fermanagh.

Mrs. Ball, Southsea, Hants; Miss Freda Barber, Dore, near Sheffield; Miss I. Barber, Bow, E.; Misses Gwen and Winnie Beaves, Willesden, London, N.W.; Miss D. Bell, Grantham, Lincolnshire; Miss Jane Bellringer, Port Glasgow, N.B.; Miss H. M. Bettinson, Leziate, King's Lynn; Miss Lucy Bisdie, Clifton, Gloucestershire; Miss G. A. Botham, China Inland Mission, Chef-o, China; Miss F. M. Bowden, West Looe, Cornwall; Mrs. Boyd, Glencarse, Perthshire; Miss M. G. Broomhall, China Inland Mission, Chef-o, China; Mrs. Butt, Luton, Bedfordshire; Miss Mollie Burdge, Balham, S.W.

Mrs. Olven Carter, Poole, Dorset; Mrs. F. Clarke, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

Mrs. Davison, Whitburn, Sunderland; Miss E. Donne, Leicester; Mlle. R. Dervieux, Par Coudrien, Rhône, France.

Miss Annie Forsythe, Aghanloo, Co. Derry, Ireland; Miss Freda Fox, Eastbourne, Sussex; Miss May

Frost, Transvaal, S. Africa; Miss E. Fulford-Brown, Earl's Court, S.W.

Miss Godfrey, Chepstow, Monmouth; Miss Gold, London, N.; Miss Goodall, West Looe, Cornwall; Mr. A. Grant, Southgate, London, N.; Miss G. Green, Hambledon, Godalming; Mrs. Grey, Torquay, Devon.

Miss F. Hadley, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Miss Mary Haines, East Sheen, Surrey; Miss Marion Hancock, Market Harborough, Leicester; Miss A. E. Hopkins, Barking, Essex; Mrs. Hoskins, Bournemouth, Hants; Mrs. Hunt, Dublin, Ireland. Miss E. Izard, Luton, Bedfordshire.

Miss A. D. James, Southsea, Hants; Miss E. Joyce, Southampton, Hants; Mrs. M. Jukes, Tonbridge, Kent.

Miss I. Kinsman, Victoria, South Australia; Miss A. Knowles, Bournemouth, Hants; Miss J. C. Knox, Prestwick, N.B.

Mr. G. Lanfear, Anerley, London, S.E.; Miss Grace Lee, Ilford, Essex; Mrs. Hampden Lee, Walsall, Staffordshire; Miss D. A. Lenny, New Cross, London, S.E.; Mrs. and Miss Kathleen Longhurst, Leicester; Miss Kathleen Lourey, Ilford, Essex.

Miss P. MacDonald, Herrison, Dorchester; Master Leonard Merrison, Warham, Wells; Mrs. Mulligan, Aberdeen, N.B.; Miss B. Aileen McCrea, Compton, Quebec.

Miss G. New, Dunster, Somerset.

Miss Ena Panniers, Godstone, near Croydon; Miss Jessie Paterson, Airdrie, N.B.; Miss Blanche Patterson, Derrylin, Co. Fermanagh.

Miss Maud Reynolds, Bognor, Sussex; Mrs. Rowles, Chippenham, Wiltshire; Miss Jessie Russell, Benenden, Cranbrook, Kent.

Miss G. D. Sibley, China Inland Mission, Chef-o; Miss K. Smith, Langton, Dorset; Miss Violet T. Smith, Kelso, Roxburghshire; Miss Stevenson, Edinburgh; Miss Beatrice Stoker, Croydon, Surrey. Misses E., Kathleen, and Constance Tricker, Bredfield, Suffolk.

Miss L. Uys, Utrecht, Natal.

Miss Wadman (Head of Group), Miss M. Fyson, Miss Mary Herridge, Miss M. and Master W. March, Master E. N. and Misses H. T. and Alice Wadman, Miss Rose Humphries, Master Kirk Rutter, Master Henry Foreshaw, and Master Bernard Blake (Group 116), Wincanton, Somerset; Miss Watts, Southsea, Hants; Miss A. M. Whitburn, Banstead, Surrey; Miss Whyte, South Queensferry, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Boundstone, Farnham.



MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH

"THE Cost and Loss of Drinking" is the title of a forceful article by Sir Thomas P. Whittaker, M.P., in this month's *Cassell's Magazine*, which shows "what we should gain by abolishing the Drink Trade." This same issue also contains a remarkable and hitherto unpublished story by Count Leo Tolstoy, besides contributions by G. K. Chesterton, Keble Howard, S. L. Bensusan, May Wynne, Bertram Atkey, and Mary Stuart Boyd.

Clearness is certainly a characteristic of Miss Christabel Pankhurst's article on "What

Woman Suffrage Means" in the May number of the *Girl's Realm*. It will be read with interest by all women, whatever their views on this great question. Miss Anna Tremayne Lark contributes to this number the first instalment of a brilliant romance. "Fugitive Flame" is its title, and its spirit is the spirit of adventure and surprise and love. The "Girton Girl" is charmingly portrayed in an article by a present student at the College; and "Novelties in Hairpin Crochet" are described by an expert in this simple and effective work.



"Yes, this is my famous garden; and to think that I used to do nearly all the work myself! Now I'm too stout to do anything but walk in it!"

"But surely, my dear, you've heard of that wonderful Antipon treatment? I tried it last year, and now look. I'm as slim as ever I was. Do try it; you'll thank me all your life."

Waste of Health and Beauty.

WHY ENDURE OVER-FATNESS?

WHAT an immense amount of waste of health, vitality, and beauty arises from the neglect or the mistaken treatment of obesity! It is dreadful to think of, for it is really easily prevented, if the proper means are adopted.

Health and strength are gifts so precious that the waste of them, where such waste can be obviated, is really culpable. Nor is the gift of personal beauty to be despised.

A sagacious writer has said: "The body has rights, and we have duties towards it. The duty of a wise care for health is bigger than merely adding to our own personal happiness. To a large extent it determines the efficiency of our lives. Many a man learns after he is too late that he would have been fit for better and more work if he had always preserved the sane and sensible bearing towards the laws of health which experience teaches."

[P.T.O.]

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To remain over-fat is to invite disaster, for obesity is the forerunner of other diseases, and the heart is the first vital organ to be seriously affected, the accumulation of needless fat impeding its natural action. Liver and kidney complaints arising from obesity are numerous and serious; and all these things are destroyers of beauty, as well as shorteners of life.

The famous Antipon treatment presents in an agreeable and harmless form a perfect and simple remedy for the permanent cure of obesity in any stage, whether the fatness be local or general, and whether plethoric or anæmic symptoms mark the physical conditions.

Antipon cures lastingly and thoroughly because it eradicates the abnormal bodily inclination to grow too fat. When an enormous amount of unhealthy adipose matter clogs the blood and tissues, the physiological balance is upset, and the vital machinery is powerless to deal healthfully with the super-accumulations. There is a general state of disordered nutrition of the body.

Besides its power of quickly eliminating all superfluous fatty matter, and of destroying the chronic tendency aforesaid, Antipon has a wonderful tonic and stimulating effect on the digestive and assimilative organs and functions, and perfect nutrition is the ultimate result.

While the superabundance of fat is quickly removed, the muscular fibre and nerve tissue are redeveloped. Physical fitness and beautiful symmetrical proportions must of necessity be the result. The limbs, freed from fatty flabbiness, become strong, firm, and nicely moulded, the waist regains slenderness and suppleness, and the hips recover their natural, unexaggerated lines.

The face, neck, shoulders and bust recover their normal beauty of contours, and puffiness of chin and cheeks, with bagginess under the eyes, disappears without leaving any tell-tale wrinkles or puckers. For Antipon has a remarkable tonic effect on the skin, toning it up after the removal of the disfiguring subcutaneous excess fat.

The decrease resulting from the first twenty-four hours' treatment varies between 8 oz. and 3 lb., according to degree of over-fatness.

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending amount), in private packet, carriage paid, in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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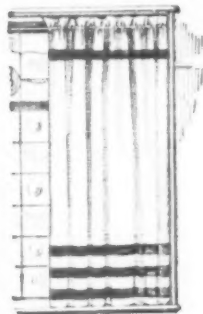
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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MAY 7th. UZZIAH KING OF JUDAH HUMBLED

2 Chron. xxvi.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Uzziah's record of success. (2) Pride and disobedience. (3) The King's punishment.

The Folly of Pride

MOST people can endure misfortune much better than they can stand success. In the hour of trial and difficulty the soul is brought nearer to God; when the struggles are over and fortune smiles we are apt to think that we owe all our success to our own efforts and that we have now no need of God. It has been well said that "pride is one of the most prominent pillars in the midst of the ruin of man's fallen condition. Its presence is one of the strongest evidences of his fall."

When Solomon's heart was puffed up, he forgot God, and then the fall came. Uzziah, blinded with success, thought he could transgress the laws of God with impunity. But he soon discovered his error—discovered it when it was too late, and when he was the victim of a loathsome disease.

How strange it is, too, that men are often proud of the merely outward things of life whilst true greatness—the greatness of heart and intellect—leads to humility!

The Test of Humility

There was an entire absence of pride in Dr. Milne, the great Chinese missionary, and his humility led him to accomplish lasting work and to undertake tasks from which many a man would have shrunk. When, as a young man, he appeared before the committee at Aberdeen, having offered to go out as a helper to Dr. Morrison, he seemed so rustic and unpromising that one of the members took Dr. Philip aside and expressed his doubts whether he had the necessary qualifications for a missionary, but added that he would not object to recommending him as servant to the missionary, if he would be willing to serve in that capacity. With-out hesitation, young Milne replied: "Yes, most certainly. I am willing to be anything so that I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honour for me when the Lord's house is building."

That is the spirit in which great things

are accomplished; that is the spirit that leads to true success.

MAY 14th. ISAIAH'S VISION AND CALL TO SERVICE

Isaiah vi.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The effect of the vision on Isaiah. (2) The call and the response. (3) Isaiah's commission.

Obedience to the Call

"To be the bearer of a divine mission," says Canon Scott Holland, "is to find yourself at once faced by a blind wall of obstruction. It is so fixed and strong that there is nothing you can do against it. What appeal can you make to hearts that are too gross to be stirred, and have no faculties wherewith to understand? The late Lord Salisbury came back from Constantinople in the old days of black disaster in the East to tell us why he had failed to achieve a single reform. 'The Turkish officials,' he said, 'simply have not the capacities to understand what we mean.' There is no getting over the preliminary difficulty. If the capacities to understand what we mean are not there, we had better go home at once."

"And this was to be the bitter result to Isaiah of being sent by God. And worse. He was to find that it was his own message which deepened the damage. Man shuts up at the touch of the divine message just as strange creatures that we find on the sea-shore withdraw their tentacles and feelers at our touch and disappear into the silence of their shells. Nothing now can get at them or tempt them forth into the open again. If we had not touched they would still be open and visible. It was the touch that was fatal. So with the prophetic message."

But the servant has nothing to do with the reception of the message; his duty is to obey the call. A brilliant Oxford student was giving himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two," he said; "it is simply madness." The prediction proved all too true, for the young man died after he had been on the field for about a year. But he had heard the call, and so he answered: "I think it is with African missions as with

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the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth all unseen to be a foundation for the bridge. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am content, certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."

He was repeating the prophet's response: "Here am I, send me."

were caused by drink. I have defended lots of other criminal cases in my life, and I am safe in saying that nineteen out of twenty of them were caused by liquor. Whisky is the most demoralising thing in the world. Men do not usually drink it to get into a condition to rob and kill, but when they do get it in them they are ready for any sort of devilry that comes to hand."

MAY 21st. SONG OF THE VINEYARD

Isaiah v. 1-12

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The prediction against Israel. (2) The coming desolation. (3) The warning against strong drink.

Ill-spent Lives

THERE is a warning in this lesson to all who spend their lives in a wrong direction. Not long ago a millionaire died in New York. Shortly before the end he gave expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh," he exclaimed, "if I could only live my years over again! If I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in my lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter. Riches have been only a snare for my soul. I would give all I possess to have hope for the future life."

What a pitiful wail! And yet this attitude is typical of so many to-day. They spend all their time and energies in the accumulation of possessions, discovering, often when it is too late, that their life has been a miserable failure, as they have neglected the things that really count.

The Drink Curse

This lesson also contains a warning against strong drink. Such a warning is still needed, although for the past year or two there has been a gradual and a gratifying decline in the consumption of intoxicating drink. Speaking not long ago, a prominent American lawyer used these words: "I have defended forty-one men and women for murder in my life, and nineteen out of twenty of the crimes

MAY 28th. MICAH'S PICTURE OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

Micah iv. 1-8

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The end of war. (2) The happy state when peace is established.

The Golden Age

SINCE Micah's time many others have dreamed of the golden age when the swords shall be turned into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, but still the nations go on increasing their armaments as if war were expected at any moment. There is doubtless truth in the remark that to be prepared for war is the best guarantee for peace, but at the same time there is a great element of danger in the building up of fighting forces. There are many movements in the direction of peace to-day, and they are all to be welcomed.

"Among the lessons of Christ we have to learn more fully is this one: that war is a weapon of barbarism, a dreadful scourge, and full of misery, and all the more because the miseries fall not on the men who make the war, but on the victims who suffer. Thus a selfish war, a war of greed, a war to satisfy the pride or the personal ambition or temper of a politician, or a really unnecessary or ill-ordered war is a great crime. Our plain duty is to put goodwill above jealousy and enmity, and to enthrone law in the place of brute force. 'Even in thy warfare thou must be of the peace-making spirit,' said the great Augustine to the soldier of his day. It is a great and a good word for you and for me. Let us carry it with us into all the opinions and the conduct of our common life."



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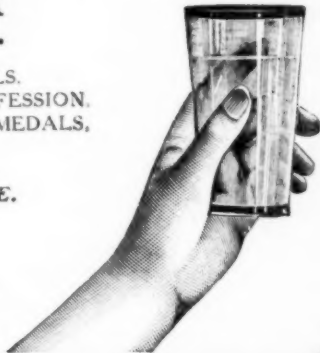
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Cromwell's Bridge, Glengarriff: A Typical Bit of Kerry Scenery.

To the Sunny Side of Ireland

"Ireland—the lovely and the lonely bride, whom we have wedded but have never won"

TRAVELLING through Ireland in the good old times was at best a precarious diversion. Those who had to do so regretted the necessity, and those who had not, praised Providence. No Irishman of position, even early in the nineteenth century, would dream of travelling threescore miles from his residence without having signed and sealed his last will and testament. The coach roads were dangerous, the stage was deplorable, and everything but the scenery was unpleasant.

Nowadays everything is changed, and travelling through Ireland is no longer a labour but a luxury.

The Great Southern and Western Railway has knit together the provinces of Munster and Connaught by a net-work of lines that represent a total length of 1,100 miles. The main line stretches from Dublin, through Cork, to Queenstown, forming the route for the American Mails and the great Transatlantic passenger traffic. Branches extend to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, and Kerry, and every

place of importance in the South of Ireland. The comfort of passengers is well arranged for; refreshment rooms are provided at the principal stations, and breakfast, luncheon, and tea baskets can always be had. Besides all this, the enterprise of the Company has provided at Killarney, Parknasilla, Kenmare, Caragh Lake, and Waterville, hotels which, for appearance and luxury, tempered by economy, are the equals of any in Europe.

The scenery of Ireland surpasses the most glowing expectations, and it is the good fortune of the Great Southern and Western Company to have within its borders the finest panoramic views in the country. The "skies of Erin" have been paid tribute to by artists again and again. Turner said the sun never seemed to set so beautifully anywhere as in Ireland, and Lady Butler, the well-known painter, has expressed the opinion that nowhere, except in the valley of the Nile, does the firmament put forth such varied changes of beauty as in Ireland. To the Gulf Stream, which strikes the south-western coast, scientists attribute the mildness of the climate. From Queenstown to Leenane

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the coast-line contains countless health resorts, where invalids find winter quarters as salubrious and as comfortable as many on the Riviera.

After a delightful run of about four hours, if we came by the special tourist train from Dublin, we have completed our one hundred and eighty-six miles, and are in sight of that gem of the Western world—Killarney—The Home of the Lakes.

The scenery of this transcendental spot baffles description; its magnificent mountain peaks, its green swards and gushing cascades, are all surrounded with an atmosphere of romance and tradition, which goes far to enhance its peerless charms.

There is a story of a tourist who, lingering long in the Holy Land, was pained at the irreverent hurry of an American, who arrived there one afternoon, scurried over the sacred places, and prepared to depart betimes on the morrow. He timidly inquired of the swift-foot why he, who had come so far, rushed away so quickly. "Sir," said the American, "I am timed to do Europe in a fortnight. I have thrown in the Holy Land, but if I stay here longer than one night I cannot see Killarney, which takes three days." He was a wise man in his generation. Although enterprising people have attempted to do the tour of the Lakes in a day, they have always gone away with hearts hungry to return at a future date, and behold the beauties they had left unseen.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number,

connected by a swift-flowing stream, the Long Range, and emptying their waters through the river Laune into Castle Haven, on the Kerry coast. The entire journey can be performed by boat, but in the suggested tours given, motor car and boat and ponies are all pressed into the traveller's service.

A mile's drive through the pleasant demesne lands of Muckross brings us to the water's edge at Castletough Bay, in the middle lake, on a promontory of which the ruins of Muckross Abbey are to be seen. Here, in the fifteenth century, Donald McCarthy founded an Abbey for Franciscan friars. The quiet cloisters in the north-west transept, with their varying arches, are unique, and the recessed doorway, by which we enter, is very beautiful.

In the centre of the cloisters there grows a great yew tree, spreading its many branches and shade over them, and above the side walls, forming a dark cowl, which overshadows the old house of the monks. In ancient Erin the yew tree was regarded as sacred, and in its shade the Druids performed their mystic rites. With the early Christians, as an evergreen, it was a symbol of Life Eternal.

The peasants still inherit some of the awe with which the sacred tree was held in former days, and they are loth to hurt it with the loss of a single leaf.

In a fair spot above the blue waters of the Bay of Bantry, Glengarriff, as a health resort, vies with its charming young rival, Parknasilla.



Scene on the Coach Route from Killarney to Kenmare.



The ruins of Muckross Abbey, one of the interesting beauty spots of the Middle Lake.

Its climate, too, is softened by the nearness of the Gulf Stream, and yew and arbutus, as well as tropical cryptogamia and Alpine plants, overgrow every available spot along the sides of the rough defile. It is come-at-able from Cork by train to Bantry and then coach, or by coach from Killarney or Kenmare.

The Lakes and Fiords of Kerry

The beauty of Killarney is not without a rival, and that even "next door" to it, in its very own kingdom of Kerry. Leaving behind the soft-swelling hills, deep-eyed lakes and dark mountains, we speed southward and westward to other lakes and mountains kindred to what we have already seen. It is to kiss these lovely lands that the Gulf Stream crosses the Atlantic. Starting from Killarney for Valentia, we leave the train to continue its journey northwards to Tralee, at Farranflore Junction, and change into carriages for the south-west coast.

Parknasilla, mentioned previously as a rival to Glengarriff, is situated on the northern shore of Kenmare Bay, a bay rich in beauty, and with singularly indented coast-lines. Its well-sheltered position amidst a number of islets, thickly wooded down to the water's edge, has endowed it with unique advantages. This

protective area gives to Parknasilla claims of a special character, and prevents the access to it of all winds except those coming from the warmer points of the compass. We all recognise what elevation of the land will do for any place, particularly if it shelters that place from winds blowing from the cold quarters. Thus, mountain protection is of supreme importance in the choice of a health resort, more especially in the winter and spring seasons of the year. In this regard Parknasilla is exceptionally favoured, a mountainous range closely guarding and protecting it from the northerly and easterly winds. The combination of mountain, wood, and water gives a special charm to this locality; and a convincing evidence of the mildness of the winter and early spring here is the forward character of the vegetation, the early budding of the trees, shrubs, and flowers. The mildness of the climate in the earlier spring months is so pronounced that daily open-air exercise can be enjoyed without risk of chill; and this to the invalid is of paramount importance. Parknasilla is a veritable haven of health and rest to the chronic invalid and the convalescent, as well as a delightful retreat to the busy man of the "world's mart," who may need a temporary repose from the worries and cares of daily life.

Sozodont

Has it ever occurred to you how unhygienic the ordinary tin of tooth powder is?

Usually it is left open, allowing contamination.

And dipping the wet brush in the powder makes the contents wet and nasty.

Sozodont is in hygienic tins. Simply sprinkle on the brush the powder you require. Give the top a half turn and the tin is closed. No contamination—no nastiness—no waste.

Sozodont Tooth Powder, in 6d. and 1/- hygienic tins. Also in Liquid and Paste. Chemists and Stores everywhere.



HALL & RUCKEL,
London and
Manchester.

In Selecting a Toilet Soap

Why not procure one possessing delicate emollient properties sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness and roughness, prevent pore clogging, soften and soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and scalp health generally? Such a soap, combined with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and most fragrant and refreshing of flower odors, is Cuticura Soap. It costs but a little more, it wears to a wafer, and gives comfort and satisfaction every moment of its use in the toilet, bath and nursery. No other soap has done so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair. It has done even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants, children and adults, when assisted by Cuticura Ointment. As a *toilet soap* for preserving and purifying the complexion, hands and hair, and as a *skin soap* for dissipating irritating and unsightly conditions of the skin, Cuticura Soap has no rivals worth mentioning. Its sale is greater than the world's product of other skin soaps combined. It is sold wherever civilization has penetrated, with depots in all world centers.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.; London depot, 27, Charterhouse Sq. Free, from Boston or London depots, samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. booklet.

"The Privy Slanderer"

THE following letter has been awarded a prize. Full particulars will be found in "Conversation Corner":—

"DEAR SIR,

"As you invite criticisms on the story, 'The Privy Slanderer,' by Miss Ada Cambridge, I feel impelled to write to you.

"First, perhaps, I ought to mention that I have two missionary sisters in China (C.I.M.), another spent some years in Africa (C.M.S.), and for more than twenty years the chief ambition of my life has been to be permitted to carry the good news of a Saviour from sin to those who have never had a chance of hearing the Gospel, but being the only one left at home of a family of nine (the others, not missionaries, being married), I have never felt that it could be the Master's wish that I should leave my mother alone in her old age.

"Now for the story. The 'good woman,' Grace Codrington, is said to be the eldest of a large family, her mother a widow, the girl presumably not less than 23 years of age: in that case, there would hardly be any very young children in the family, and surely some would be old enough to take the place of the eldest daughter, who, if she had left home to be married, would not be blamed at all. Girls grow up and get married early in our Colonies, and surely the mother did not expect to keep all her daughters at home all their lives!

"But when we come to the suitability of Grace Codrington for the high calling to which she aspires, I do not think that such a girl would be 'passed' by any Missionary Committee in England! The tests as to character and fitness are very thorough, and even severe (wisely so), and, moreover, the Committees consist of men and women of prayer, backed up by the prayers of all the supporters of their respective Missions, and, we believe, have, therefore, the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit to enable them to 'make choice of fit persons' for such work. I have known personally over fifty Missionaries; I have also known a number of impulsive would-be Missionaries, who to those who knew them best seemed quite unsuitable, but not one of these latter have I known to get to the Mission Field, although two or three such had actually been accepted by

different Societies, but God prevented them from going.

"As to saying in a public meeting in the Parish Hall: 'Send me where you like,' etc., that seems *most* improbable. One supposes that, as she is speaking from the platform, she has already been accepted as a candidate, but it was not for such an audience to decide where she should go; the Committee would have already done that if, as it appears to be, it was a 'farewell meeting,' and certainly in common-sense, critical England, such an exhibition of self-exaltation would have been received, not with 'an ecstasy of fervent admiration,' but with distrust, if not disgust. Again, she is represented as quite ignorant of heathen religions! Did she have no training? (One of my sisters had six years' special training.)

"As to the arguments of Agnes Elwell (an excellent home-bird), which Miss Cambridge seems to defend, they contain the very common mistake of supposing that because a religion contains something good, it is, therefore, as good for its adherents, or nearly so, as Christianity, and renders Christian Missions quite unnecessary, if not impertinent. I myself often hold up the Chinese as examples of reverence and filial piety (to my Sunday School class), and Mohammedans and Hindus as devotees, in all circumstances, to their religions; but can filial piety make atonement for sins? Does the repetition of a set prayer in an unknown language five times a day give the 'peace which passeth all understanding' of a cleansed conscience, and power to resist temptation and sin?

"Certainly, I think the story is misleading, yet it fairly represents the spirit of the majority of people—even Christian people—who are not only indifferent, but even hostile, to the carrying out, by the very few who *are* able to, of the Master's command: 'Go ye into *all* the world and preach the Gospel.' It is certainly not the spirit of the heroic Australian widow, Mrs. Saunders, who, after her two daughters had been murdered at Ru-cheng, China—went to, as far as possible, carry on the work in China which they had laid down.

"Very truly yours,

"FLORENCE E. CULVERWELL."

"The Book of the Coronation"

A most handsome souvenir of the Coronation has been prepared by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd. Although published at the low price of 1s. net, "The Book of the Coronation" contains eight full-page plates in colour (including really splendid reproductions of Their Majesties' portraits), as well as numerous half-tone illustrations. This beautiful memento of a great occasion should be in the hands of all our readers.



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It is the delay whilst waiting for the Fire Brigade which causes the serious loss of property, and, in many instances, of life.

With this Extinguisher installed on the premises the danger is reduced to a minimum, as an outbreak can be subdued immediately it is discovered.

No House or Factory is safe without this wonderful Appliance, which is daily saving both life and property.

Instant Extinction of Burning Petrol, Oil, etc.; the Best for Chimney Fires.

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Full particulars from—

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COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts
and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

THE WHOLE DUTY OF A MOTHER

To do the best for her baby; to bring him up as a model for all other babies; to secure for him the happiest and healthiest conditions, and thus to give him a first-rate start in life:—there are the ambitions of the true mother.

But is it quite fully realised how surely the small trifles of a baby's environment influence him for good or for harm? The way in which his clothes are made, as well as the material from which they are fashioned; the way in which his food is prepared and given to him, as well as the nature of the food; the way in which he is put to bed, as well as the kind of bed provided for him—all these are governing factors in a baby's life, predisposing to health and happiness, or to sickness and a fractious temper.

It will, however, be at once realised that a baby's food is the central pivot upon which the child's general health and well-being really turns. He may be clothed in silk, wool, cotton, or linen, and provided the fabric be skilfully enough contrived, the result in either case will be satisfactory. But nothing like the same leniency of choice can be exercised with regard to a young infant's food, for on this point Nature is exclusive and emphatic. If mother's milk is not available, then the instant and imperative duty of the mother in charge is to provide a substitute that shall be, in every trifling detail, identical with mother's milk, constituent by constituent being carefully and scientifically balanced in such exact proportions that the child thus fed shall, to all practical intents and purposes, be nourished with Nature's own sovereign baby food.

In thus describing an ideal substitute we have done no more and no less than indicate Mellin's Food, a preparation which, in evenness of quality and exact chemical identity with mother's milk, is not to be equalled by any other infant's food obtainable.

Generation after generation of hardy, healthy bairns have been nourished upon this most reliable food, and it is clearly noticeable that its fame is always handed down from mothers of one generation to those of another. There is never any question in the same family of "looking for something better."

There is a principle of Nature which insists that the perfect food for a young babe shall be as absolutely free from starch as is mother's milk. Mellin's Food is built up on that same principle, with the result that it is easily and perfectly digestible to even the youngest and most delicate infant. It is quickly prepared—being mixed to directions with fresh cow's milk—and one minute amply suffices for the purpose. Another excellent feature of this food is that it keeps any length of time in perfect condition, in any country or climate. It may be obtained from chemists and stores throughout the world; or a large sample bottle will be sent free to any mother applying by post card to Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham, S.E.

A USEFUL MATERIAL

THE manager of one of the well-known hotels in London caused some surprise the other day by stating that out of all the chairs in the hotel rooms which looked as though covered with leather not a single one was actually so upholstered.

The question of cost did not enter into the matter when he made his decision as to the covering to be used; he was shown a material so like leather that only an expert could detect the difference, and, solely because it had some features about it which made it preferable to leather, he chose it instead. The result is that the chairs are washable and can neither get scratched nor stained.

The leather substitute employed in this and thousands of similar instances is called "Rexine," and is supplied at something like one-fourth the price of leather. It is manufactured by The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Hyde, near Manchester, but may be obtained from the leading furnishes, stores, and upholsterers.

ELEGANCE IN PHARMACY

SINCE the "Jelloid" Co. have introduced to the public their Iron "Jelloids," the once dreaded iron tonic has become a delicately flavoured and most palatable "cachou." Iron jelloids are delightful as a tonic restorative, and are unequalled for anæmia. They may with pleasure be dissolved on the tongue, so delicious is their taste, and it should be specially noted that these jelloids do not blacken the teeth.

They assimilate perfectly, and the result is soon shown. The hair and complexion benefit, the step again becomes elastic, and health is quickly re-established.

Iron "Jelloids" have won the approval of the medical profession, and are supported by the leading medical journals of this country as *absolutely the best form of iron tonic.*

INCONSISTENT MOTORISTS

How inconsistent it seems to only protect the occupants of the front seats from the wind and dust, when the unfortunate passengers in the back of the car are experiencing all the discomforts of back draught, dust, rain, etc. This need not be so any longer. Messrs. Auster, Ltd., the famous Windshield experts of Barford Street, Birmingham, whose Shields are the most popular and widely used of any make, have now brought out a Patent Extending Back Shield, at a moderate price, which not only is a most efficient protector of passengers in the rear of the car, but can be operated by a lady with the greatest ease from the back seat, is at all times absolutely rigid, is instantly fully extended or folded away, and when folded away is practically *non est*. Moreover, when fully extended, with hood up, it practically converts the tonneau into a closed carriage.

We would urge all our motoring readers to at once send a post card for the full descriptive list of Auster Motor Comforts, to Auster, Ltd., Barford Street, Birmingham.

FITS CURED

By **OZERINE**. It has **cured permanently** the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Failing Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being **SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

21, Portlock Road, Maidenhead, Berks, England.

To Mr. Nicholl.
Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward to Mrs. Larbey another 4/6 bottle of Ozerine as soon as possible. I am pleased to say that it is making a wonderful change in her. She has been steadily improving ever since she took the very first dose. She has not had one attack since, and that is two months ago, and she used to have attacks every fortnight. She is getting better, too, in bodily strength; she used to be so weak after the attacks, and had no time to gain any strength. I enclose order for same.

I am, yours truly,
M. LARBEY.

This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE**. It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 15 months to 50 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle **absolutely free**, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

Analysis proves that

PLASMON OATS

Mid-Lothian

contain **70% more nourishment** than any other oats.—*vide Lancet.*

PORRIDGE IN PERFECTION.

4 minutes' boiling only. 6d. pkt.

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. **ASK FOR**

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is **NO PILL "JUST as GOOD."** Of all Chemists, 1s. 11d. per Box.

Time will make your writing blacker if you use Onoto Ink.

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

Onoto Writing Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Black).
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In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
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HEALTH INSURANCE



A good **POLICY** is to keep a bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** always in the house.

It is a reliable Health Insurance. Nothing else can better protect you from the ills the flesh is heir to.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

for over 35 years has been helping millions to regain and retain health, energy, and comfort.

Don't suffer from injudicious eating or congestion from lack of exercise. If you take "**ENO'S**" every morning you will soon find a great improvement in your general health. Your food tastes good and is beneficial, your sleep is unbroken and refreshing, the colour comes back to your cheeks, eruptions disappear, and you find life a delight, work a pleasure.

FRUIT SALT is pleasant to take and gentle in its action, and is the best remedy for Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Congestion, and Feverish Conditions of the system.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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Particulars and prices in Catalogue, post free.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.